owder's "The People's Front" by Louis B. Boudin

NEW MASSES

MARCH 1, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Concerted Action or Isolation

Which Is the Path to Peace?

THE FIRST OF A SERIES BY

EARL BROWDER

★

The Sacrifice of Austria

How Far Will British Acquiescence Go?

A CABLE FROM LONDON BY

R. PALME DUTT

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DELAY IS FATAL!

AT THE present rate of contributions to save the NEW MASSES, it would take nearly two years simply to raise the $20,000 we need.

We published our first appeal three weeks ago. We have received 551 contributions. Prior to our public appeal, we solicited funds privately through appeals by letter to all those who had contributed in last year's campaign. We raised a total of $4357.48 in this way, from 337 persons. That sum, while entirely inadequate to carry us through a year, did enable us to continue publication while we appealed to all our readers through the pages of the magazine.

In the last three weeks, the total contributions have amounted to $1140.61. Exactly 214 persons have responded. We are grateful to them. But many more than 214 must come forward, or we cannot continue.

We are at a point of crisis. Either you believe this or you do not; either you want this magazine to survive or not. On our part, we have tried to improve the NEW MASSES despite our desperate plight. This very issue is testimony to our efforts. We will go on until there is not a penny left; we will not hesitate to make every sacrifice possible. (During the past seven weeks, for instance, there have been four in which the payroll was not met.)

But we cannot wait two years. We cannot wait two months. And the NEW MASSES can be saved only by you. Our next literary section can be issued only with your aid. If we get no funds, there will be no literary section. And after that happens—if our readers let it happen—there will be the immediate question of whether the NEW MASSES can come out.

We have shouted of our peril. That peril is worse today than it was three weeks ago. It will be worse next week. There is only one way to save the NEW MASSES. We need funds. We need funds quickly.

Our address is 31 East 27th Street, New York.

OUR fourth literary supplement appears next week. Among the articles and stories scheduled for publication are "Words I Did Not Speak," by Edward G. Wall, a California newspaperman; "Stranglers of the Thunder," an article on American folklore, by Carl Carmer, author of *Stars Fell on Alabama* and of *The Hurricane's Children,* a study of American mythology; a poem by William Rose Benet; and a short story by Michael Bruen. Also scheduled is an article by H. W. L. Dana on the journey of his grandfather, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to the Spain of 1827—a Spain which had just been deprived of its democratic constitution by King Ferdinand VII. The article, which quotes from unpublished journals and letters written by the great poet, has much that is equally applicable to the present Spanish struggle against fascism and for peace and democracy.

Earl Browder's articles on collective security are being eagerly awaited, judging from responses we have already had to the announcement of the series. We want to direct special attention to the question-and-answer feature of this series. The issue of peace and how to assure it is uppermost in people's thinking today; it raises many problems which are in pressing need of clarification. We urge our readers to write to Browder in care of the NEW MASSES about those phases of the problem on which they want further explanation. Browder will receive all questions addressed to him.

We are carrying on a campaign for subscriptions (see our back-cover ad) as a further means of reaching the widest public with these articles by Browder. And, of course, all the financial problems of the NEW MASSES can be solved permanently on the basis of a substantial increase in circulation, particularly in subscriptions.

Who's Who

EARL BROWDER, general secretary of the Communist Party, has just returned from a trip to Europe where he made a comprehensive study of the political situation. Mr. Browder's most recent book, *The People's Front,* is reviewed in this issue by Louis B. Boudin, outstanding authority on United States constitutional law and history. Mr. Boudin is author of *Government by Judiciary, Socialism and War,* and *The Theoretical System of Karl Marx,* and is chairman of the labor-law committee of the National Lawyers' Guild. . . . R. Palme Dutt is editor of the *Labor Monthly* of London and author of *Fascism and Social Revolution* and *World Politics.* . . . Michael Brush is a practicing physician in New York. . . . Hyde Partnow's first published story "Madrid to Manhattan" appeared in the December literary section. . . . James Dugan was formerly movie reviewer for the *Daily Worker.*

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Flashbacks

"THE workers' and peasants' government of the Russian republic, which has announced the cessation of war and has demobilized its army, is compelled by the attack of the German troops to accept the ultimatum presented by Germany"—thus wrote the Soviet delegates when they signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1917. . . . Two years later, on March 4, 1919, in Moscow, the Communist International was established under Lenin's leadership. . . . New York's hungry unemployed asked for bread on the night of March 4, 1914, and the Church of St. Alphonsius gave them a stone. "All those who do not belong in this church will please leave," the rector barked at two hundred jobless men who had come seeking shelter. The men proceeded to leave, but police closed the door and arrested the whole lot. When they were brought to trial, young Frank Tannenbaum, the leader, was sentenced to two years, four months, and fifteen days, for, as he said, "Believing in the right of hungry men to get their bread. That is my crime, and I am willing to take the consequences."

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NEW MASSES
MARCH 1, 1938

Ad Reinhardt

Concerted Action or Isolation

WHICH IS THE PATH TO PEACE?

By Earl Browder

COMING out of Spain on February 9, I picked up the *New Republic* of February 2 at Brentano's in Paris. There I found published my article in reply to Mr. Bruce Bliven, written on his invitation in the latter part of December. I was mildly surprised to find that my polemic with Mr. Bliven had been transformed into a debate with Dr. Charles A. Beard. On second thought, however, it seemed only natural that Mr. Bliven should call for help in the controversy, considering that the very essence of his position consists of raising doubt and uncertainty to the level of a principle.

But my surprise at discovering myself thus unceremoniously thrust into an unannounced debate with Dr. Beard was as nothing compared with the astonishment caused by reading what Dr. Beard had to say. I had thought myself inured to all possible surprises, but Dr. Beard carried my education in disillusionment to a higher stage.

This is not because Dr. Beard ascribes to me a bloodthirsty ambition to help President Roosevelt throw America and the world into a general war of mutual extermination. We have long grown used to such a charge; it is old stuff; it is the common stock-in-trade of all isolationists, which they share with the open apologists of fascism. It is a complete begging of the question, of course. All our isolationists, while ostensibly taking up a rational discussion as to which path gives more prospects of maintaining world peace and stopping the current wars, invariably avoid such a discussion in reality as though it were something indecent; they proceed in their arguments upon the *assumption* that everyone who disagrees with them wants war. They do not even seem to be embarrassed when this dishonest little trick is exposed. So far have the isolationists departed from rational discussion that it is difficult for them to speak or write except in terms of hysterical denunciation of their opponents and a wild appeal to irrational prejudices. Dr. Beard, unfortunately, shows himself no exception in this respect, although we might have expected something better from him.

Dr. Beard, however—and this is the astonishing part—proceeds from the usual isolationist attitude to grounds far beyond any taken by Mr. Bliven, or by any other responsible writer in the liberal or radical press. He proceeds upon such *assumptions,* he poses his questions in such a form, as to admit the validity of all the basic arguments of the fascists.

Tacitly, but nonetheless effectively, Dr. Beard's position is one of *ideological disarmament* in face of the offensive of fascism. He reveals himself as contemptuous of democracy, skeptical of the desirability of peace, and opposed to any struggle against fascism. He does not defend isolation as the path to peace; he merely declares there is no such path.

Nothing that has ever been written in favor of concerted action as the path to peace is quite so conclusively in its favor, as are Dr. Beard's arguments supposedly against it.

Let us examine a few samples: Dr. Beard says:

> It is highly probable that Great Britain could tear Hitler away from the Rome-Berlin axis by handing back to Germany the vast African colonies. . . . Does Great Britain want peace on such terms? Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Browder may know. I may be permitted to have doubts.

Here as in a drop of water is reflected the "cosmos" of isolationism. It *assumes* that there is no way to peace except surrender to the fascist demands. If Mr. Roosevelt or myself have any hopes of peace, we are called upon to substantiate these hopes by "inside information" that Hitler is going to be given what he wants, or else our hopes are discredited. It is inferred that it is not only unreasonable, but also unjust, to hold any other view. This may be anything else, it may even be the basis for a partnership with

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Hitler, but it is not in any sense or degree the basis for any struggle against fascism and war.

To follow Beard's thought another step:

> I find in history no justification whatever for assuming as truth that Italy, Germany, and Japan would surrender unconditionally to a grand quarantine if the quarantine could be arranged. On the contrary, I suspect that they would strike back. . . .

Here is a clear acceptance of the fascist bid for world rulership. The quarantine is rejected because the fascists might resist it. Since the fascist powers are in a "war frenzy," a spirit of "world power or downfall," therefore the United States must simply keep out of their way at all costs, allow them to seize the rest of the world piecemeal, and trust in God as to what will happen when they get around to us and can handle us alone. How we can keep out of the way in a world where elbow room is at a premium, and where the United States holds half of the world's wealth that the fascists covet, does not concern Dr. Beard. Since the fascist powers do not invade our territory first, that is sufficient basis for an isolationist policy.

Having laid such a sure foundation, Dr. Beard then draws a deep breath and plunges into the deep water of surrender to fascism. He says:

> Could a quarantine maintain indefinitely the *status quo* of populations, resources, and empire throughout the world? If this were desirable, it scarcely seems possible. . . . There are likely to be profound changes in the distribution of population, resources, and imperial possessions in the future as in the past.

In these words Dr. Beard proclaims the futility of any effort to prevent a general war. He leaves open for argument whether war may not even be "desirable." He only wants to keep the United States out of it—at least until we are fighting for a bigger share in the distribution of the world as the fascists are. He rejects as utopian all idea of international readjustments except through war. He thereby abandons in advance all hopes of restraining the war-making powers.

Coming to the question of democracy, Dr. Beard here also abandons the field to fascism. He wipes out all effective distinction between the democratic and fascist powers (as for the Soviet Union, it is mentioned only in passing). He ridicules any reliance upon the democratic powers. He proceeds to sneer at the labor movement of France, England, and America, as inevitably only an appendage to the imperialist circles. He says that all efforts to save democracy can only lead to war —"and the probabilities are that we should then have universal fascism rather than universal democracy." His conclusion is that the more determined is the effort to save democracy, the more certain is it that the very effort will bring the victory of fascism. Democracy is doomed, it has no vitality, and it has no value worth trying to salvage.

In short, for Dr. Beard all roads lead to the inevitable victory of fascism throughout Europe and Asia, and by inference also in the United States in the last analysis. He only hopes that, perhaps, if we keep real quiet and don't talk too loud, the fascists may overlook us for a few years.

From all of which, there is only one practical conclusion, one line of advice for action: Don't do anything, don't say anything, don't try to stop the threatening war, don't try to maintain democracy—everything you do will only bring the catastrophe all the quicker. Fascism and war are inevitable under any circumstances, but if we sit very quiet, do nothing, say nothing, we might be overlooked for a little while. Let us be thankful for even such a short breathing space before we go to our inevitable doom.

Such are the pitiful depths to which the logic of isolationism has led Dr. Beard. It is indeed a tragedy to see a man, whose life contained so many fearless words and deeds against reaction, come forward in the twilight of that life and in the midst of the world's greatest crisis, with advice of such complete and cowardly surrender.

Dr. Beard proceeds to cover up his surrender with "theoretical" considerations. He rebukes the advocates of concerted action for peace for their supposed "assumption that politics—democratic theory—can be separated from economics." Now if anyone makes such an assumption, it is of course a fatal error, and Dr. Beard has scored a heavy blow. But who assumed this, when, where, how? Dr. Beard is silent on these questions. He merely *assumes* that we are guilty of such an assumption, and lets it go at that.

But this diversion of Dr. Beard, to call upon economics to help him dispose of politics he does not like, is not a naïve gesture. He is hinting, what he dared not say openly, that the defense of democracy is useless or impossible until there has been established full democratic control of the national economy in each country. He has used the statement of an abstract truth to cover up a concrete falsehood of the worst sort. In the name of a perfect democracy, he rejects the struggle for a democracy because it cannot be perfect and entire from the beginning of the struggle.

Dr. Beard is thus operating with a logic that deals only in absolutes. It has no room for a democracy that is in process of becoming, for the struggle to realize democracy. It is a formal, static, mechanical logic, which leads only to doubt, skepticism, passivity, and surrender. It is connected with economics itself only formally. It in no way expresses the *economic urgency of the masses,* which throws them necessarily into *struggle for democracy and peace.*

It is the economic needs of the masses which is the living connection between politics and economics. It is this to which Dr. Beard is completely blind. This blindness is not something new for Dr. Beard. In his historical studies, with all their merits, he has always displayed a lack of understanding of the mass struggle for democracy, an underestimation of its achievements, a cynicism as to its value, a blindness with regard to the mass forces that make for historical progress and which unite politics and economics. This long-standing weakness has now brought Dr. Beard to full capitulation to that reaction which he tried to oppose during most of his active life.

Dr. Beard closes his remarkable essay on how to keep peace by collaborating with fascism, on a "high moral note." He thinks that "anybody who feels hot with morals and is affected with delicate sensibilities can find enough to do at home." While I yield nothing to Dr. Beard in moral heat against the miseries in America, I must protest against his attempt to use it to reduce our heat against the crimes being committed in Spain and China.

When I arrived in Barcelona last week, I visited many of the thirty-five apartment houses blown to bits by high-power bombs from Italian planes, dropped the day before, a sunny Sunday morning. I saw dismembered and mutilated babies and mothers being removed from the wreckage. In my mind rose the question, how long will it be before similar bombs drop on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, with similar results "at home" to our women and children—perhaps to my own family too. When I read the horrible dispatches from China, I see behind the grim statistics the faces of my many Chinese friends, most of them now corpses from the effect of Japanese bombs and machine guns.

What reason have we to assume that America is immune to this madness that is sweeping the world? What reason have we to think we can shut ourselves away from it all, and with impunity wash our hands of the fate of our brothers in other lands?

When I see these things, I do indeed become "hot with morals," to use Dr. Beard's derisive phrase. And I cannot forgive Dr. Beard for that derision. It is a shameful and unworthy thing. As for me, I cannot rest until I know that I and the people which gave me birth, the American people, are doing everything in our power to stop these crimes in Spain and China, to make them unprofitable, and to make their recurrence impossible. That several thousand American boys are giving their lives in Spain to help do this job makes me proud of our people, and very humble that we are not doing more. Fascism must be stopped in those places where it first strikes. The Spanish and Chinese peoples are fighting the battles of all mankind. We must come to their help. We must stop all direct and indirect aid to the fascists. We must end once and for all the farce of "non-intervention." If we fail in this duty, then we deserve no better fate for ourselves, and I am sure we will get our deserts. There is no way forward for America, or for the world, except we find the way together, through concerted action for democracy and peace.

S.S. Aquitania, February 13, 1938.

(This is the first of a series of articles by Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party.)

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The Sacrifice of Austria

HOW FAR WILL BRITISH ACQUIESCENCE GO?

By R. Palme Dutt

LONDON, February 19. (By Cable.)

"WHEN the territory of the Reich contains all Germans," wrote Hitler in *Mein Kampf,* "and if the Reich avows itself unable to support them, from that necessity of relations will arise its moral right to acquire foreign territory. The plough will then give place to the sword and the tears of war will prepare a harvest of the future world."

Today this issue has been brought a stage closer by Hitler's military coup in Austria. Hitler's mailed fist has descended on the Austrian people. All Europe is asking what will follow. This is the first direct military conquest of another state by Nazi Germany. All the previous successive coups, the repudiation of the military and naval clauses of Versailles, the introduction of conscription, and the armed occupation of the Rhineland, were carried out within Germany. Now the power of the German armies has been directly used to annex a neighboring state.

In 1934 when Hitler made his first attempt to conquer Austria by the murder of Dollfuss, two Italian divisions were dispatched to the Brenner Pass. The British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, declared in the House of Commons on July 30, 1934 that the British government "fully recognized the right of Austria to demand that there should be no interference with her internal affairs," and the British-French-Italian declaration of February 1934 was reaffirmed, that the three governments take a common view as to the necessity of maintaining Austria's independence and integrity in accordance with the relevant treaties.

Today Hitler's coup has met with complete passivity and acquiescence from the democratic powers under the domination of Britain. When the British Foreign Secretary Eden was questioned in the House of Commons as to the previous pledges with regard to "the integrity and independence of Austria," he replied that "My recollection is that what I stated was that His Majesty's government desired in Central Europe as elsewhere peace and good understanding." Questioned further as to Czechoslovakia, he extended an open invitation to further German expansion by refusing to recognize any obligation and declaring only that "this country has always had the friendliest feelings towards the Czechoslovak nation and is fully aware of the treaties which bind Czechoslovakia to other great powers."

Undoubtedly Britain played the decisive role in making Hitler's coup possible. When Schuschnigg was summoned to Berechtesgaden, he appealed to Britain and France. The French general staff took an extremely serious view of the situation and is understood to have urged a stand, pointing out that the German conquest of Austria would not only cut off Czechoslovakia but place the iron and steel resources of the Alpine Montana at the disposal of the Reich, in addition to those of Bilbao already conquered. The British ambassador in Paris communicated with London. The instructions came back from the British cabinet to refuse to join in any joint action urging Schuschnigg not to go, and to refuse to join in any joint action to stop the German drive. Thereby Austria's fate was sealed so far as the great powers are concerned, although the resistance of the Austrian people is still to be reckoned with.

What underlies this change from the situation of 1934? Undoubtedly it reflects the worsening of the international situation and the cumulative outcome of the continuous abdication of the democratic powers. The victory of the extremist war elements in the German crisis of February 4 has had its speedy sequel and has for the moment justified the estimate made by these elements of what Germany could with impunity attempt in the immediate situation. It reflects at the same time the relative weakening of Italy through the difficulties in Spain, in Ethiopia, and in its economic situation.

The surrender of Italy in Austria means certainly that compensation has been promised to Italy in the shape of stronger support in Spain. The coup in Austria is therefore the counterpart of an intensified fascist offensive in Spain, the outcome of which is no less momentous for the future of peace in Europe. Heavy supplies of bombing airplanes are being poured from Italy into Spain at the same time that the British government is making a great show of new negotiations with Italy for the withdrawal of volunteers, and even proposing a new loan to Italy. The battle for democracy and peace is more than ever a single battle throughout Europe.

But this extreme intensifying of fascism's offensive does not therefore mean that fascism is advancing along an inevitable course from strength to strength. On the contrary, this sharpening of the fight is in part also the reflection of the strengthening of the democratic forces, especially in Spain. The victories of the Spanish people's army at the close of the last year and the opening of this year, and the prospect of the collapse of Franco, have faced fascism and reaction with new and critical problems. They saw correctly that from this point might come the turning of the tide, the collapse of the myth of fascist invincibility, and the sweep forward of the cause of the people's front through Europe. Hence the attack on the people's front in France, an attack directed by British finance immediately following the fall of Teruel. Hence the eagerness of Britain to find a basis of agreement to extend new loans and credits to Germany and Italy. Hence the crisis of February 4 in Germany.

The conservative elements among the general and the industrialists were for a more cautious war policy, for the retreat from Spain, and for weakening the bonds of the triple pact. In order to reach close understanding with Britain, the extremist elements sought to solve the situation by an intensified offensive while bullying and intimidating Britain into acceptance and support. The latter policy won. The coup in Austria and the intensified offensive in Spain have followed.

In this situation, Britain, rather than face the possibility of the victory of the democratic forces in Spain and Europe, has deliberately opened the gates to Nazi expansion and domination of the continent of Europe. Well might the old liberal minister of wartime days, Lord Crewe, ask in the House of Lords what the war of 1914 was fought for. It is universally recognized that if Hitler's conquest of Austria is allowed to go through, it will not stop there. In his interview with Schuschnigg Hitler declared that he regarded himself as the ruler of the eighty million Germans in Europe. The same methods as in Austria are intended to carry forward German domination, without open war but in fact by military power, into Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium—and then? *"When the territory of the Reich contains all Germans . . . the plough will then give place to the sword, and the tears of war will prepare a harvest of the future world,"* with its base established in central Europe and across the Pyrenees.

Fascism calculates to isolate France once again. The same technique is to be employed. Alsace-Lorraine provides the pretext. The object of the offensive is proclaimed not at France but at the people's front, "Marxism." The allies of Hitler within the gates, Flandin and Tardieu and Doriot, have already declared their willingness to coöperate and shown it in the conspiracy of the Hooded Men. It is noticeable that in the last few weeks the Nazi press has begun an active offensive campaign over Alsace-Lorraine.

How far will British acquiescence go? Formerly Britain drew the line at the west over France and Belgium. This is no longer so certain. Belgium has already been thrown over. British reaction would probably gladly coöperate with the Nazis to overthrow the people's

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front and establish an imposed Right government on France.

In this way, they will hope to see their dream realized of a four-power pact of united reaction in Europe, cutting off the Soviet Union. Only the more far-sighted see the alternative possibility that what they are preparing is a powerful and dominating German imperialism to confront the British empire. *Britain under the national government is drawing closer and closer into the Berlin-Rome axis.* This fact must be faced, and the facing of it is the first necessity for the British people in order that they may understand the fight they have to wage in their own interests and for the peace of the world.

The democratic forces can still defeat fascism. The overwhelming superiority is on their side if a united stand can be achieved. The victories of democracy in Spain, even in spite of the crippling ban on all support from the democratic states, have shown what could be achieved if full coöperation were realized. But the time for realizing that coöperation grows shorter. The coup in Austria, alongside the renewed offensive in Spain and the Far Eastern situation presents the gravest crisis yet reached. It is still possible by withholding financial and economic support from Germany, Italy, and Japan so long as they carry forward their aggression in Spain, Austria, and China, and by organizing material support for the Spanish and Chinese peoples, to break the fascist offensive before it reaches its outcome in world war.

Will the peoples react in time to the need of the urgent measures that must be taken? This is the issue that faces above all the peoples of Britain and the United States.

Ballad of the Spanish Civil Guard

By Federico Garcia Lorca

TRANSLATED BY LANGSTON HUGHES

Their horses are black.
Black are their iron shoes.
On their capes shimmer stains
of ink and wax.
They have, and so they never weep,
skulls of lead.
With patent-leather souls
they come down the road.
Wherever they pass they spread
silences of thick rubber
and fears of fine sand.
They go by, if they wish to go,
concealing in their heads
a vague astronomy
of abstract pistols.

Oh, city of the gypsies!
On the corners, banners.
The moon and pumpkins
preserved with gooseberries.
Oh, city of the gypsies!
Who could see you and not remember you?
City of grief and of musk
with towers of cinnamon.
When the night that came
nightly came nightly,
the gypsies in their forges
made suns and arrows.
A horse with a mortal wound
went from one door to another.
Glass roosters crowed
toward Jerez de la Frontera.
The naked wind turns
the corner in surprise
in the night-silver night
that nightly comes nightly.

San José and the Virgin
loose their castanets
and come looking for the gypsies
to see if they can find them.
The Virgin comes dressed
in her village finery
of chocolate paper
and necklaces of almonds.
San José swings his arms
under a silken cape.
Behind comes Pedro Domecq
with three sultans of Persia.
The half moon dreams
an ecstasy of cranes.
Banners and torches
invade the roof-tops.
In the looking glasses sob
dancers who have no hips.
Water and shadow, shadow and water
toward Jerez de la Frontera.
Oh, city of the gypsies!
On the corners, banners.
Put out your green lights
for the Civil Guards are coming.
Oh, city of the gypsies!
Who could see you and not remember you?
Leave her far off from the sea
with no combs for her hair.

Two by two they come
to the city of fiesta.
A rustle of *siemprevivas*
invades their cartridge belts.
Two by two they come.
A night of double thickness.
To them the sky is nothing
but a window full of spurs.

Fear ran wild in a city
that multiplied its door.
Through them came forty Civil Guards
bent on pillage.
The clocks all stopped
and the cognac in the bottles
put on their November mask
to invite no suspicions.
A flight of screams unending
rose among the weather-vanes.
Sabers cut the air
that the horses trampled.
Through the dusky streets
old gypsy women
flew with drowsy nags
and crocks of money.
Up the steep streets
the sinister capes mount,
followed by fugitive
whirlwinds of scissors.

At the Gate of Belen
the gypsies gather.
San José, full of wounds,
shrouds a young maiden.
All through the night
stubborn guns sound sharply.
The Virgin treats the children
with drops of small saliva.
But the Civil Guard
advances sowing fires
where imagination burns
young and naked.
Rosa de los Camborios
sobs on her doorstep
with two breasts cut away
and put on a platter.
And other girls flee
pursued by their tresses
through the air where the roses
of black dust explode.
When the roof-tops are no more
than furrows on the earth,
dawn rocks her shoulders
in a long profile of stone.

Oh, city of the gypsies!
As the flames draw near
the Civil Guard goes off
down a tunnel full of silence.
Oh, city of the gypsies!
Who could see you and not remember you?
Let them look for you on my forehead,
game of the sand and the moon.

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Without Bands or Medals

By Hyde Partnow

LAST week an airplane with a streamer forty feet long droned over the Capitol. "Quarantine the Aggressor" read the first aerial picket sign. At the same time, in the rich-looking halls of the Italian embassy an Italian lad, a Negro, and an Irishman shocked a wax-mustached consul by reading to him:

> We, Yankee volunteers back from Spain, *know* you have two hundred thousand soldiers from the regular Italian army with the rebels. We *know* you have seven hundred bombing planes that slaughter the innocent. We *know* you have two hundred fifty Whippet tanks. We *know* you have eight hundred heavy artillery pieces. We demand their immediate removal.

And, at a conference hall, a few blocks from Congress, the gray-haired mother of a captured New York boy, Mrs. Freed, was crying: "The Neutrality Act is killing off our sons." At the White House three delegates handed a document to the President's secretary:

> We respectfully petition the head of our government to urge the adoption of the O'Connell peace bill, as one of the effective answers to fascist provocations and wars.

Not far off, on a lonely hill in Arlington cemetery, a wreath of red and white carnations rested on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. It bore the startling inscription: "The democracy you desired we are fighting for today." And, finally, at the feet of the Great Emancipator, another wreath: "To the living. . . ."

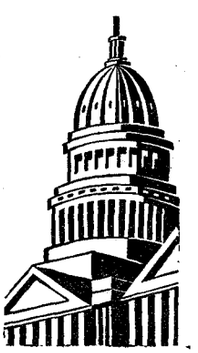
The veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Spanish loyalist army were in Washington for the first Conference for Peace. Sixty boys, speaking for two hundred others back from Spain and for three thousand still in trenches, had come to Washington to break the filibuster against peace.

Here was a brand-new kind of American Legion. A new gang of just everybody from just everywhere, from the Golden Gate to Plymouth Rock. Clerks and miners, scholars and sailors and salesmen. Last year, when the embargo made it all right to ship arms to the Nazis and fascists but not to the loyalists, these young men knew something was wrong. So, dropping their books and tools, they beat the embargo and shipped themselves out instead. They spanned the Atlantic and climbed along the goat trails of the Pyrenees into the trenches. And when the loyalists saw them coming, they cried out, "Viva L'Americanos." They went off without bands and came back without medals. But they found out a few things for themselves.

Some of them were killed finding out and others were wounded. Ask Steve Nelson, Bill Harvey who carries his head in a brace, Bob Raven on crutches, and they will tell you how they had to smuggle democracy marked "Made in the U.S.A." past a tory three-mile limit and how bullets marked "Made in the U.S.A." shot them down in Spain. They are back here to tell us what they found out. The conference in Washington was only the beginning. They have much to tell us about war and how to stop it. They have much to say about peace.

When they say that peace in the Rockies this springtime depends on peace in the Pyrenees they know what they're talking about. If we Americans want to sleep quietly, we ought to listen to them. In fact, we ought to have listened to them a year ago when they first went to Madrid. At that time only one congressman who knew what was wrong dared do what was right. That was Farmer-Laborite John T. Bernard. Now scores of congressmen and the President himself are saying the same things that Bernard stressed a year ago.

At the convention, those congressmen were not afraid to tell the boys how much they respected them. In the Elizabeth Room of the Hotel Raleigh, Congressman Teigan, bespectacled lover of understatement, cried out: "This is the first time I have ever admired any boys who engaged in war." Congressman John M. Coffee said: "I want to pay my tribute to you boys. You did what the Bible tells us to do—'Go thou and spread the gospel through the many lands.' To you boys who helped stem the tide of autocracy I have the most everlasting gratitude." Congressman Jerry O'Connell, dramatic orator, said: "You boys are now here to fight the more invisible foes in the United States. You must help rewrite the foreign policy of the United States and destroy the dictators." And Congressman Bernard with his genial drawl and his flashing eyes: "You are real veterans. You did not defend the house of Morgan. I will make a promise to you boys. Watch me and check up. I pledge to you to do my bit, as you did yours, to crush the monster of fascism."



Ad Reinhardt

I KNOW all these boys. They are clean, young, quick—with the fun of life in them.

Their tales about Spain, about the children there, about the burros and goats, the trees —I'll remember them a long time. The way they joked: "Hey, fellers, get your passports ready, we're going into Jersey." And the songs they sang in chorus: the song of the Mackenzie-Papineau— "Waiting, waiting, waiting, always bloody well waiting." And the song of the André Marty Battalion, "The Young Guard." And old ones: "Smile, smile, smile," and the Spanish songs, the "Cucaracha" and "The Burro," and all the sad, brave songs that Luis Riviera, the jade-eyed Cuban sang while the boys yelled, "Jolé, Jolé."

I'll remember them as they marched three abreast through the wide avenues of Washington, to the Lincoln Memorial. And how, at the memorial, they stood at attention beside the long lake while the blonde writer-veteran, Paul Burns, and the black machine-gunner from Provincetown, Doug Roach, took the wreath of red and white flowers up the marble steps. And how they marched over the Arlington Bridge, up the slopes of graves under the ice-crusted grass, to where the Unknown Soldier lay. And how they vowed that they would go on fighting for the democracy he desired.

BUT most of all, I will remember them as they sat in convention—disciplined, steady, alive, absorbing each speaker's address, and getting up to make their own speeches with the same sharpness as their leaders, relating their mission in Spain, analyzing its meaning.

I might pick out any one of them. There is tall, blue-eyed Captain Hans Amlie, Dutchman from the Dakotas, who learned how to use a gun as a young sparrow-hunter, who used to bum rides to the front whenever he was wounded, and whose brother is a congressman. There is Steve Nelson, the twinkling, easy-mannered lieutenant-colonel, Scranton coal miner, who was hit by a bullet from a Colt .45. There is Carl Bradley, elected national executive secretary of the vets, a stocky, ready-fisted Frisco seaman with a stout anti-fascist heart, who can put an outside curve on a hand grenade. There is Walter Garland, machine-gunner lieutenant; Paul Burns, national commander, a Boston writer; Douglas Roach, simple as a peasant. There is Bob Raven, medical student from Pittsburgh, with crutches and black glasses, wounded in the back and temple before an exploding American-made hand grenade tore out his eyes and broke both his legs.

"They don't look like soldiers," I heard a lady say. No, they don't. And they aren't. They're not tough. They don't get "the shakes." They don't snicker about democracy. They don't go in for "benders." There is no armistice to celebrate anyway. For them the war is not behind, but still ahead. In coming back they have only changed battlefronts from Madrid to Washington.

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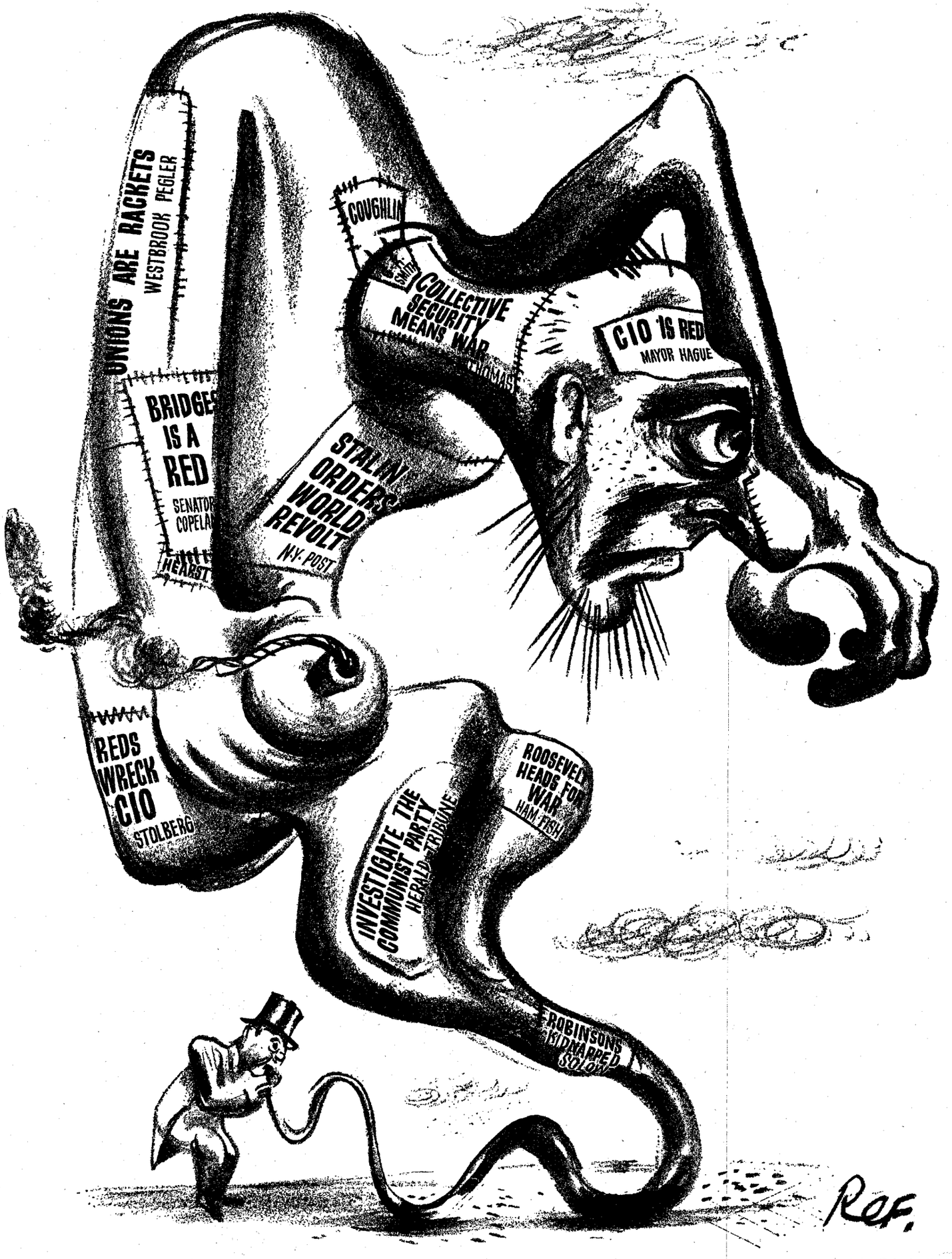

PATCHED UP AGAIN

Anton Refregier

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Crisis Week

IN one week: Austria's debacle; preliminary steps toward British recognition of Franco as a belligerent and of Italian rule in Ethiopia; Eden's resignation; Hitler's menacing Reichstag speech. These events are historic in themselves. But they are immeasurably more significant when placed in relation to each other: links in the chain that is dragging Europe and the world into war.

And yet, none of these developments were unexpected. Austria's danger has long been recognized, analyzed, and feared. The British have been angling for an "accord" with Italy ever since the present government under Chamberlain took office. The conflict within the British cabinet had long ago advanced from journalistic gossip to the stage of international speculation on the blow-up. And nothing that Hitler said last Sunday cannot be found in *Mein Kampf*.

But now, these things have happened, actually happened—and in the worst possible way for world peace. The aggressors have had their way and remained to orate about it, boast about it. Neither are their next steps unexpected. There is still time to set them back. But that cannot be done without a totally different attitude and policy on the part of the democratic peoples and their governments. There must be resistance—organized, collective resistance to the aggressors. Otherwise, what nation can look at Austria without reading its own future?

Eden's Resignation

FOREIGN SECRETARY EDEN'S resignation is certainly not a total loss. There were times past—altogether too many—when Eden went along with his pro-fascist associates. But, as now appears, that was due partly to wishful thinking (each was the "last" surrender) and partly to weakness. As the aggressions piled up, the choice before Eden narrowed. His resignation is unmistakable evidence that there is no unanimity on the pro-fascist line of Chamberlain even among the ruling circles of the Conservative Party. Unquestionably, then, the discontent among the people as a whole must be vastly larger and stronger.

There is some hope that the future will bring into some sort of alliance the varied political forces opposed to the foreign policy of the present government. The Labor Party, the Liberals under Lloyd George, the Conservatives in the Winston Churchill and Eden circles are reported drawing closer together for possible joint action in the approaching general election. The chance that this alignment will finally succeed is none too good, but the very possibility is important.

Meanwhile, the Chamberlain government is left free to hand over to Mussolini and Hitler other victories, so that later Reichstag speeches may boast of further conquests. That is the immediate danger and the main consequence of Eden's resignation.

Il Duce Overshadowed

CHANCELLOR SCHUSCHNIGG'S enforced acceptance of Nazi ministers indicates a changed relationship between Italy and Germany. Italy for a long time obstructed the Nazi march eastward. No aggression against Czechoslovakia is feasible without complete Nazi control over Austria. A glance at the map shows that the entire western half of Czechoslovakia is bounded on the north by Germany and on the south by Austria. But the Italians resisted because Austria is their European frontier (the Alps separate Italy and France), and their land-road into Yugoslavia, an Italian satellite. Two crack Alpine divisions were always held in readiness at the Brenner Pass. Mussolini actively prevented Austro-German *Anschluss* when Nazi agents murdered Chancellor Dollfuss in 1934. Dollfuss was hated by the Nazis—though he was no anti-fascist—because he pursued a strong "Italianizing" policy in Austria.

This time Italy did not resist the German forward push. Mussolini failed to carry out traditional Italian policy because his adventures in Spain and Ethiopia have seriously weakened his regime. Ethiopia is a terrible economic strain on Italy, and Spain is a serious drain in military man-power. Rome has had to applaud the Nazi coup in Austria; Mussolini has become dependent on Germany for the stability of his regime. The Rome-Berlin axis does not rest on wheels of equal strength.

Despite these inner-fascist aspects of the matter, Hitler's new Austrian acquisition would have been impossible but for British tolerance and, perhaps, encouragement. The British tories are strong proponents of the "eastern orientation." In their view, Hitler will be less dangerous to the empire if he turns toward eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R. They have given him every encouragement in this course, and the dispatches from London are among the most discouraging and the most bitter to come out of Europe during the present crisis.

Hitler's conquest of Austria is far from finished. Chancellor Schuschnigg and his Fatherland Front remain, to be smashed or "coördinated," and the still virile labor movement has not yet spoken. But democracy, no doubt, has again been tied, gagged, and beaten while the democracies of the West look on, passively, apathetically, unmoved.

Happy Ending

THE dramatic rescue of the four Soviet Arctic explorers from the drifting ice floe in the Greenland Sea makes thrilling news. Romance, science, humor, and high adventure—such is the magnificent saga contributed by the sturdy sons of the Socialist fatherland to contemporary humanity.

Ever since they landed at the North Pole on May 29, 1937, up to the very minute they left the floe after drifting one thousand miles, the four dauntless scientists worked indefatigably at their assigned task. They conducted all planned investigations in gathering priceless scientific material for the study of the drift of the ice in the Arctic, taking numerous measurements in gravitation and magnetic currents, carrying through no end of biological observations, adding invaluable data to the sciences of hydrology and meteorology. It is the consensus of experts that the greatest contribution to modern science in the last years has been made by the Soviet explorers and fliers of the Arctic.

And though the reports of their rescue were drowned out by the maniacal ravings from the fascist capitals, there can be little doubt that centuries hence, when the names of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito will have been either completely forgotten or are cited as horrible examples of the widespread lapse into barbarism which preceded the collapse of capitalist society, the names of Papanin, Krenkel, Shirshov, and Fedorov, will glow with undiminished splendor, beckoning the happy youth of those years to even greater exploits in the conquest of nature for the glory of science and the benefit of mankind.

Copeland's Trotskyist Aides

THE campaign to smother the maritime unions under the Railway Labor Act (which virtually outlaws strikes and introduces compulsory arbitration) has brought a preparatory barrage of Red-bait-

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ing, supplemented by "testimony" showing that unionization has ruined seamen's manners. Royal S. Copeland, who has given senatorial publicity to the anti-union Maritime Commission headed by Joseph P. Kennedy, was formerly a booster of patent medicines in a "health" column published in the Hearst press. He has turned his knowledge of therapy to the problem of curing unionism. His prescription is to kill them. For Copeland is convinced that the marine unions breed Reds. The diagnosis was "confirmed" by such authorities as Joseph P. Ryan, long president of the International Longshoremen's Association, notorious for his "gorillas" and his corruption. The charge that Harry Bridges, Pacific Coast director of the C.I.O., was a Communist was "corroborated" by people whose identity in the words of the *New Republic's* Washington correspondent "has not been revealed, but it is understood they are former Stalinites turned Trotskyist."

Joseph P. Ryan accused Joseph Curran of Communism, but investigation proved that Ryan had let enthusiasm influence him. Curran denied connection with the party, though he did say: "In justice to that party I will say this—that they have done more for the workers in the industries of the country . . . than any of the so-called and self-appointed liberal agencies existent to date." He offered, moreover, to prove that Ryan was responsible for the murder of seventeen seamen.

In the case of Harry Bridges, the Department of Labor has been urged to deport the West Coast leader on the ground that he is an undesirable alien with Communist connections. Bridges has demanded the right to answer charges before the Senate committee —but Copeland refuses to permit this. It happens that Bridges is in this country legally, has taken out first papers, has declared his desire to become a citizen. It happens too that he led Pacific maritime workers to repeated victories. And it also happens that Joseph P. Ryan would like to break Bridges's union; that the Trotskyites want to replace Bridges with their man, Harry Lundeberg; that Dave Beck, teamster czar from Seattle, is out to knife Bridges because the C.I.O.'s growth threatens his political machine; and the employers would like to see Bridges out of the way because they can neither bribe nor intimidate him.

C.I.O.'s Further Gains

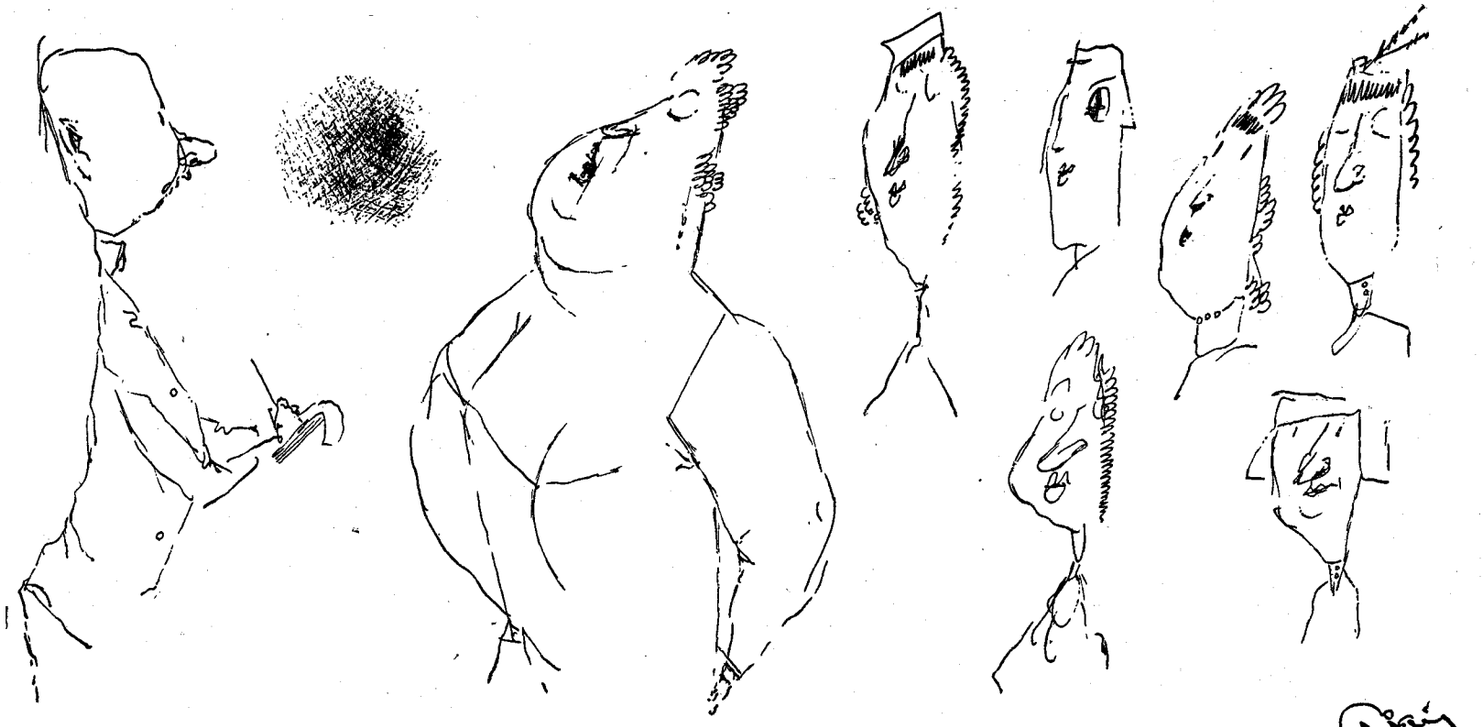
FOR over a year, the C.I.O. has been changing the face of America. But the full significance of industrial unionism under aggressive leadership has been illustrated only in the last six months of recession. Under the old A.F. of L. craft set-up, dedicated to the policy of collaboration with employers, periods of declining production automatically implied a decline in wages and the weakening of the unions. The C.I.O. has changed the rule. It has proved that even in a time of crisis unions can force corporations to maintain wage and hour standards.

The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee obtained a renewed contract with the United States Steel Corp. protecting union recognition, wage increases, and the forty-hour week won in 1937. Compare this victory to the 25 percent reduction in pay suffered by steel workers in 1931 and 1932. And now, the C.I.O. affiliate, the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America, has obtained an agreement with the formerly open-shop General Electric Co. preserving wage and hour levels in addition to recognition as the sole bargaining agent in the company's most important plants.

It is enough to remember the complete inability of the A.F. of L. to cope with industrial breakdown in the early thirties to appreciate the C.I.O.'s contribution toward increasing the security of industrial and white-collar workers. Add to this the militant fight to preserve and increase relief allotments, the policy of allowing those laid off to retain a voice in union affairs, the C.I.O.'s participation in forwarding progressive political action, and the meaning of realistic unionism which the C.I.O. is spreading becomes clear.

The Attack on N.L.R.B

THE hearings on Senator Edward R. Burke's resolution to investigate the National Labor Relations Board was the first skirmish in the offensive to destroy the Wagner Act. The excuse for the proposed investigation was the charge that the



"Yes, the Stitch-In-Time Knitting Circle has a foreign policy. We absolutely refuse to pull Stalin's chestnuts out of the fire."

Alex

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N.L.R.B. favored other unions over company unions, and the C.I.O. over the A. F. of L. The Federation took the wind out of the senator's sails when Charlton Ogburn, general counsel of the A. F. of L., wrote to the sub-committee that his organization felt that the investigation was "unnecessary and uncalled for."

The desire to investigate the board was only a prelude to proposals to amend the Wagner Act by Senators Arthur Vandenberg and David Walsh, and by Representative Martin Dies. The reactionaries hope to vitiate the act by tacking provisions onto it that would inflict severe penalties for picketing, bar unions from making contributions for political purposes, practically outlaw strikes, and order separate craft elections in plants on the request of one employee, regardless of the will of the majority of workers in the plant. They would turn the act recognizing the legality of the unions into a weapon to destroy them.

Another Free Press Issue

THE International Geneva Association is a fraternal organization of waiters and cooks. In it are also some hotel managers, and other hotel executives, including hotel owners. However, the overwhelming majority of Geneva members are employees. Also, the organization has an official monthly magazine, the *Hotel Industry*.

Recently, G. G. Fling, for nine years editor of the magazine, was dismissed by the national administrative board. The only stated reason for this action was that Fling's editorial policy favored the interests of the employees—the majority of members of the organization.

A large group of members, banded together as the Progressive Genevans, resisted this attempt to muzzle free expression. They have called a meeting to demand that Fling be reinstated and that "full and free expression of the viewpoints of both employer and employee" continue to be the policy.

What the board construed as throwing the weight of influence on the side of the workers was simply Fling's policy of giving, along with the employers' viewpoint on important issues, that of the workers. Its members objected whenever there was an editorial taking issue with hotel owners' statements that most hotel employees were "unskilled" and "uneducable," were really "unemployables"; that they could never expect to receive an American standard of living wage. They resented especially Fling's call on the workers in hotels to follow the example of operators, who had formed the American Hotel Association, and to organize to protect themselves and their jobs.

Chicago Spy Factory

THE Chicago school system, cognizant of the demand by big business for more and better stool-pigeons, has hit upon a course by which it can train young boys in the art of spying and snitching. The genius who produced the idea of training future Pinkertons is one William H. Johnson, superintendent of Chicago public schools. Disappointed in his campaign to transform high schools into vocational training centers rather than institutions of learning, Mr. Johnson turned his energies to the organization of "G-boys" in the grade schools. He has also searched the kindergartens for promising talent that can be recruited into the G-boys, who are trained to detect the misdeeds of their fellow pupils and especially "to keep a weather eye open about the school to detect malicious destruction."

Members of the G-boys — of course, it is a secret organization—are meticulously instructed in snooping, and are graded according to their ability to inform on playmates. A boy who convicts the greatest number of his associates is naturally first to win promotion. The American boy—always supposing his parents permit Mr. Johnson to continue organizing their children—will thus be grounded in the fundamentals of strikebreaking rather than in the principles of democracy, for which Mr. Johnson has only contempt. Old-timers like Ben Stolberg had better look to their laurels.

Attack on the "Great Killer"

THE New York state legislature has before it a bill which would require every expectant mother to have blood tests for syphilis. The bill will probably pass. It will do much to forward similar legislation in other states and to carry forward the present national campaign against what doctors call the "Great Killer," which has been waged so effectively by the American Social Hygiene Association.

That the fight against syphilis has the support of the great majority of the population is indicated by the endorsement of the campaign by 88 percent of the people polled by the American Institute of Public Opinion. That the campaign and the legislation resulting from it can do much to stamp out the disease is attested by research scientists who estimate that over 90 percent of the babies born each year with syphilis contracted from their mothers can be made free of the infection before birth if their mothers are properly treated.

Even more, the attack on syphilis and the realization that the disease can be almost completely restricted, if not wholly stamped out, is an opening wedge through which medical aid to the huge section of the American population now unable to afford proper medical attention can be spread. The support of the anti-syphilis campaign—not long ago syphilis was an "unmentionable disease"—proves that mass support can be counted on in the vastly greater problem of improving the standards of public health in general.

Is the "Tablet" Anti-Semitic?

THE Brooklyn *Tablet* is one of the most rabidly pro-Franco and generally pro-fascist publications identified with the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. This paper has gone from bad to worse until now it has reached the level of quite frank anti-Semitism. In its issue of February 19, the *Tablet* contains a violent attack upon Congressman Sirovich of Manhattan whom it uses as an excuse for a typically fascist slander against the Jewish people as a whole.

The specific actions of Congressman Sirovich which aroused Father Curran, editor of the *Tablet,* were Sirovich's resolution to erect a monument in Washington to Robert Ingersoll, his speech on the floor of the House on Japanese "fishermen" in Alaskan waters, and his resolution in behalf of loyalist Spain. The attack against Sirovich personally is concluded with the following:

> It is too bad the inspiring teachings of the synagogue have deserted the Gersons, the Isaacs, and Siroviches. The Jewish people have in them serious liabilities, liabilities far more menacing in possibilities than the disgusting Bunds, and this to their own public prestige.

Very few Catholics will subscribe to this vicious anti-Semitism and the typically fascist technique of combining Red-baiting with anti-Semitism. The Nazi Bunds are called disgusting, only to place the entire Jewish people below them. Yet, this is the sort of thing which passes in the name of Catholicism. The *Tablet* ought to hear from their readers and from Catholics generally.

Misinterpreting Mexico

SLANDERING Mexico is an old sport, but during the last few weeks the game has taken on a new slant. In the New York *Times,* for example, the "Red menace" theme has given way to a subtler and more sophisticated method of prevarication. The Mexican government, in case you haven't heard, is leaning toward fascism.

Frank Kluckhohn, the *Times* correspondent in Mexico City, on occasion comes out with his startling discovery quite frankly. Usually, though, he resorts to insinuations. Thus when certain conservative senators at-

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tempted to introduce anti-Semitic legislation in the Mexican Congress, he identified them with the progressive Cárdenas group because they were members of the National Revolutionary Party. This leaves one with as accurate and honest an impression as the one a Mexican correspondent in Washington might give his readers back home by linking the Democratic senators who have been filibustering against the anti-lynching bill with President Roosevelt.

Last month, when Mexico increased its tariffs, Mr. Kluckhohn's dispatches led one to believe that this move was purposely directed against Mr. Hull's liberal trade policies, that it favored Germany as against the United States and that it showed the rankest ingratitude after Secretary Morgenthau had so nobly come to the rescue of the peso by purchasing large quantities of Mexican silver.

The facts of the matter are, of course, simple enough and do not in the least warrant any such misinterpretations. The Mexican government has been making heavy expenditures for public works and general social reconstruction. With the slump in world prices, the government's source of revenue has begun to shrink, the reserves of the bank of Mexico have fallen and the danger arose that the peso would have to be devaluated. Any debasement of Mexican currency would mean untold hardships for the great mass of people. To avoid this, tariffs on imports were temporarily raised. A second tariff schedule, considerably lower than the present emergency rates, though somewhat higher than the old rates, will go into effect on May 1.

The effect of the new tariff will be to cut down drastically on imports at a time when exports are slack and when all available monetary reserves are needed in Mexico in order to maintain the peso. The government assumes, and probably correctly, that current stocks of foreign goods are large enough to carry over until the end of spring.

Since the United States supplies Mexico with two-thirds of its imports, American trade is bound to suffer more than that of any other country. This, however, does not at all imply discrimination. *Business Week*, for example, emphatically makes that point, declaring that "all tariffs [are] applied equally to every country." *Business Week* also reminds its readers that "Mexico has had such low import duties that even 100 percent increases do not make rates as high as in many other countries." This is something that the *Times* has not seen "fit" to explain; nor has it bothered to mention that the chief benefits of the United States government's silver purchases go to American mining interests which control practically all silver production in Mexico.

Fascism does threaten Mexico, but the chief danger comes not from the Mexican government, as Mr. Kluckhohn and his typically Trotskyist calumnies would lead one to believe, but from the feudal and clerical elements opposed to the Mexican government, from the Nazi plotters and the large American oil companies. Armed provocations by these elements have already occurred along the Rio Grande. American border officials in Texas have publicly warned counter-revolutionists that they will not countenance their activities on American soil against the Mexican government. And the latest dispatches tell of the mobilization of pro-Nazi Guatemalan troops along Mexico's southern frontier to help the coffee plantation owners of Chiapas resist the federal government's land distribution program.

Flood

Lithograph by Henry Simon

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

The Sokolsky Gimmes

WHEN the roll is called up yonder, it is almost certain that George E. Sokolsky will be there. Furthermore, the odds are even that he will be at the gate taking tickets. This is predicated on the theory that Mr. Sokolsky is always around a bit in advance—and with his hand out.

Of all the fabulous creatures who have arrived to plague the universe, Sokolsky belongs in the first rank. There have been adventurers before, men who have shifted their views so rapidly that they looked like characters in an early Keystone film, but Sokolsky is a wizard on wheels. He is fast and quick of foot for a man of his bulk, he dodges well, he has an excellent change of pace, and he can collect like nobody's business.

For a long time his writings have been appearing on the editorial page of the New York *Herald Tribune,* and he has become highly regarded as a labor expert. The thing is public property now, but George was the first to sense that anybody could become an expert on labor who happened to be against labor. He plowed the field and did a stint of speechmaking on the side. If Mr. E. T. Weir needed support in the midst of a strike, it was always the province of George to appear as a loyal American and tell the workers that Mr. Weir and the late Sir James Barrie were men of like kidney. Both Peter Pans at heart.

Whenever Dorothy Thompson didn't appear to speak at a banquet, George was there. Both were experts on labor, both knew history and had seen it made, both brought messages from afar. George ate so much fried chicken and so many banquet peas, that he began to look more than ever like an Asiatic menace. By a coincidence, the same people who considered Einstein a dirty Jew, found Sokolsky most endearing. Even the name soothed them. His words caressed them and comforted them. His noble figure and splendid countenance gave them a new feeling about the dignity of life. He was a man who loved America and wanted it to be happy and free.

Naturally there were envious people about to scoff at George. There were even rumors. It had been testified at the Nye Committee hearings that George at one time had been simultaneously correspondent for the New York *Times* in China and agent for a munitions firm. It was felt by some that this circumstance might possibly alter his journalistic views, but it never changed his position with the better folk. The later report that he had been in the pay of the Japanese propaganda bureau never brought more than a frank admission from George that he had indeed been in the pay of the Japanese propaganda bureau.

When it became evident that the La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties was eventually going to reach all impartial observers dealing with labor problems, George again became jolly and frank. In an article in the *Herald Tribune* at the end of last year, he admitted that he didn't know how such things happened, but whatever he wrote invariably brought him friends. He had done an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Will Revolution Come?" and Ellery Sedgwick had thought so highly of it that he had immediately hired George to be his labor expert. "Troubled businessmen began to invite me to lunch," writes George. And do you know what then? Well, he received a real invitation—this time from the National Association of Manufacturers. All they wanted of George was his point of view. No desk work, no long hours, no clock punching—just point of view. It really meant nothing more than sitting around at lunches giving out viewpoints. The pay was good, and it didn't affect his writing or his lecturing. Being modest, he naturally didn't go around bragging about a thing like that. When he got up before the Kiwanis Club of Des Moines, he didn't tell them he was representing the National Association of Manufacturers. He was merely George E. Sokolsky, distinguished journalist and author, labor expert of the New York *Herald Tribune.* As for the readers of the New York *Herald Tribune,* he didn't bother them about his new job, and he didn't bother them later on when he came into the same relationship with the American Iron and Steel Institute. The editors hadn't seemed to care about his previous history in Japan and China, and it would only bore the readers to know that he had new connections.

As a matter of truth, George didn't get along well with the iron and steel people. They wanted to go too far, and George spoke right up to them. He wanted capitalism and they wanted capitalism, but they wanted their own form of capitalism. But that didn't stop other businessmen from consulting George. He worked up quite a large luncheon trade. Naturally, they didn't always take his advice and he wondered why they asked for it if they didn't want it, but it didn't sour him. After all, a point of view possessed by George is a commodity. As long as they paid, they could use it or not.

In the New Year's article, George had a beautiful passage about America. It isn't Russia, it isn't China, it isn't Japan, it isn't even Sweden, but it's the place where he was born and he happens to like it. He admits his feeling may be mere sentimental tosh. It may be that he is growing old and soft. He knows that wise men laugh when he talks that way and even question the sincerity of his faith. . . . But does that matter?

The question is fairly put: does it matter? Have people any right to question the good faith of George E. Sokolsky, lecturer, author, and labor expert? The press is free in America. A newspaper is required to list its stockholders and bondholders, but no such information is required of its writers. The reader may feel hurt that George E. Sokolsky, labor expert, is in the pay of the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Iron and Steel Institute, but the editor is wiser to keep such information out of his paper. It would merely confuse the public.

Mr. Sokolsky admits that the things he has written have not pleased some people. He notes that old friends at the Café Royale do not smile at him as they used to. "Apparently they think I am an enemy of the laboring man and that I hate unions," writes George. But ridiculous! He is only an enemy of *bad* unions. As a matter of fact, his **relationship** with business has been good for him as a writer; he has had an opportunity to see things from the inside. He knows the cashiers. He knows where the larger firms bank. It can almost be said that he has helped undermine in his small way by depleting the surpluses of some of the companies.

Ad Reinhardt

There will be critics eager to know how the New York *Herald Tribune* can reconcile George with editorial ethics, but that is also nonsensical. Either there is freedom of the press or there is not. The *Herald Tribune* has taken a definite stand on the subject. Recently it published a special Cuban section, filled with laudatory articles on the Batista dictatorship. It was published as news and only later was it discovered that the Batista government had paid twenty-five thousand dollars for the articles, but it is ridiculous to think that the articles were published because of the money. The only bad thing is that George might mention the matter if the *Herald Tribune* ever questioned him about the source of his income. Nobody can deny that it is a very muddled business. It is sometimes hard to know how to take George. On his part, it is simple. He takes.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Rehearsal at Dearborn

By Bruce Minton

DETROIT.

BY three o'clock the unionists had massed at the entrances to Ford's River Rouge plant. They had tied white ribbons conspicuously about their arms or in coat lapels. Some sported blue-and-yellow overseas caps with the initials U.A.W. across the front. And all carried bundles of peach-colored newspapers as they assembled at the stairways leading to the overpasses, at Gates 3 and 4 and 5, where Richard Frankensteen and Walter Reuther were beaten last May.

They had not dared ride to Dearborn on the street cars, had not dared cross Henry Ford's property. Just as likely as not, the servicemen would have stopped any trespasser and given him the works. They had come, with the special Ford edition of the *United Automobile Worker* under their arms, on foot or in broken-down autos. As they arrived, the servicemen in heavy lumberjackets or in thick overcoats with fancy mufflers about their necks lined up casually just inside the entrances to the three-storied brick and glass buildings. The guards kept their hands shoved deep in their pockets—hands with brass knuckles fitted on them, hands limber enough to handle the guns strapped in shoulder holsters under their coats, or to wield stocky clubs concealed somewhere on their persons, or to snap the handcuffs in their hip-pockets onto a victim's wrists.

Underfoot, the ground was wet and icy. The wind knifed past the long miles of factory facades. For a while, union men and women sang briskly, but the stabbing cold choked off their words. Stamping, blowing on their hands, they waited with quiet tenseness; and nearby the Dearborn police twirled their nightsticks watchfully. The police captain with a blanket across his legs rode a skittish horse up and down the muddy road. Beyond the steps, in the deep shadow of the overpass, the Dearborn chief of police, a short, barrel-chested man with the collar of his overcoat pulled up over his ears, peered out from under his green slouch hat. He had put on galoshes—he knew just what to do on these afternoons when the workers distributed their union papers. He knew just how to snap orders from one corner of his slack mouth in the clipped phrases a man in his position should use.

The servicemen—ex-jailbirds and thugs, ex-pugilists and army sergeants—waited for one of the "agitators" to trespass on Ford's private property, on the trolley-car tracks or on the overpasses that bridged the road and led from the plant to the street. That was their job—to maul any unionists who set foot on any part of the Dearborn plant's 1096 acres.

On the roof, at intervals of a few hundred yards, guards leaned against the parapet. "They've got machine guns," a man with a union button whispered to me. "They've got gas bombs, too, only you can't see them."

The executive of a powerful advertising firm which specializes in handling the public relations of a leading motor company motioned to an armchair standing next to his broad, bleached-maple desk. "Very true," he nodded, smiling across at me. "Undoubtedly they have machine guns and gas bombs. Of course, I don't want to be quoted. I take it you are something of a Red, but it's good even for you to hear the other side. You must promise me, however, that my name won't appear, that I am in any way identified." He tapped on the bronze-cornered blotting pad, looking past me at an oil painting on the wall. "I promise," I answered. "In that case we can continue," the executive declared pleasantly. "Yes, I can vouch for the machine guns. The union fellows are asking for trouble. They asked for it when Frankensteen and that other man got what was coming to them last May. They are asking for it one of these days when that scum goes out on private property to distribute their papers. One day they will get it, I'm afraid—machine-gun bullets crashing into them, and you'll be able to pick up three hundred or so dead heroes after the guns go off. Ford will fight for his rights. But then, let's be honest—how would you like it if someone came bursting into your house and began forcibly to take it over? You'd resist him, I dare say, just as Ford will. . . ."

Young boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, hurried out of the Rouge plant, the students in Ford's "training school," who work just like grown men—for twelve cents an hour. Few of them took the union papers. But when the older workers shuffled out of the plant a quarter of an hour later, the papers went faster. Then the cops marched the distributors to the patrol wagon. The van rushed off, followed by a second, and busses were chartered to carry union men and women to jail. Soon the police were unable to hire sufficient busses: they stretched ropes around four girders under the overpass to form an improvised bull-pen into which they herded the offenders until the busses and patrol wagons could return for second, third, and fourth trips.

"You must bear in mind," the executive continued, his handsome face lighting up, "Mr. Ford is not the hard, cruel bogeyman that you propagandists often picture him. He has done much to educate our youth. He has built splendid hospitals for his employees. Remember, my young crusader, that any man who doesn't like his methods can always chuck his job. When Mr. Ford ran his welfare department and inquired into a man's bank account and his home life and his drinking, men who objected left his employ. High wages, on the other hand, kept most of them. High wages and an appreciation of what Mr. Ford was doing for them. . . ."

Workers streamed down the steps. The guards on the roof slapped their arms across their bodies to keep warm. All the workers did not take the papers—some looked away, their lips tight with fear. A week's work at the Ford plant at the basic wage of six dollars to $6.80 a day, should mean a fair sum. But workers who had been employed a few years in Dearborn knew that the good pay—with the speedup—averaged only six to nine hundred dollars a year, insufficient to allow them to enjoy even a minimum health standard of living. They grabbed the paper furtively, for they had heard what the U. A.W. had accomplished at the Chrysler and General Motors factories, where wages were even higher than at Ford's, and where a man received extra

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Vermin Wanted

Stanley DeGraff

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earnings when he put in overtime, and double earnings when he worked on Sundays and holidays.

Not so many men left the Rouge plant. In good times, more than eighty thousand had found employment in the blast furnaces, the rolling mills, the safety glass factory, the foundry—biggest in the world—and on the mile and one-third of docks where Ford's fleet of thirty-seven vessels loaded V-8's as they rolled off the assembly line. But recently only eleven thousand have been called to River Rouge.

As they passed, a worker slipped in the mud, brushing against the pile of newspapers. They toppled into the slush. A loiterer gave a derisive laugh, and a man in a blue-and-yellow cap, unable to control his taut nerves, hit out at him. The cops lunged at the worker, and the servicemen moved forward menacingly. "Keep your ranks!" the union leaders ordered. "Preserve your discipline!"

The moment passed. The impetuous worker was shoved roughly toward the patrol wagon; a drunk rushed from behind to hit him full on the mouth. "He's been trying to start something all afternoon," the man next to me muttered, nodding at the drunk. "Provocateur, that's what he is. I'm glad the police are getting him out of here."

"Loyal workers at Ford's are the rule, not the exception," the executive said, tapping the desk with the point of an ivory paper-knife. "The men in Dearborn don't want a union, that's my honest opinion. They're a contented lot of men. Of course, you'll always get malcontents, but most of them are happy. The union is only looking for publicity when it invades River Rouge. I am confident that they won't get very far."

In two hours, the police arrested over seven hundred men and women. The few who had escaped arrest returned to Detroit until the following week when they would again distribute papers and again face the servicemen and the police.

"Henry Ford is an old-fashioned man. He made his fortune because he was keen-witted. To me, it seems only his due that he be allowed to keep it. Perhaps you think me a reactionary. Actually, I'm a liberal man. I know times are changing, but I also know that this attempt to organize Ford's is unjust. If you want a few more martyrs for your roster, very well, just tell the union to keep it up. I'm not one to condone violence, but I am also practical, and I dislike seeing any man's business suffering from outside interference. To my mind, Ford is justified in protecting himself and his property, even with guns and gas." And the executive leaned back, looking straight into my eyes, a tolerant smile on his pleasant face.

On the road from Dearborn to Detroit, just beyond Ford property, an illuminated billboard had been erected by the Ford Organizing Committee, which no worker could

Arthur Getz

avoid seeing. It pictured an alert and cheerful man in overalls. "I Work in a Union Shop," the sign read. "Job Security, Humane Management, Living Wage." To balance this figure, a dejected worker, exhausted and despairing, regarded the legend: "I toil in an Open Shop. Discrimination, Driving Foremen, Haunting Fear."

In Detroit, the transition from the open shop to unionization has been proceeding for hardly more than a year. Though the United Automobile Workers received an industrial charter from the A. F. of L. in August 1935, the new union remained inactive for many months. Not until the second annual convention in 1936 did the auto workers repudiate their international president, Francis J. Dillon, who had been appointed over their protests by William Green. They elected Homer Martin in his place. Almost at once the U.A.W. affiliated with the C.I.O. and the painful preparatory organization of the industry commenced. Organizers went into the field, men like Wyndham Mortimer, for thirty years a militant unionist who lost job after job for talking organization in mines and factories and auto shops.

Vice-president Mortimer went down to Flint early in the drive. He found that the Black Legion and the ineffective policies of the A. F. of L. had destroyed the local federal union: membership had fallen from twenty-five thousand to one hundred and twenty-two. So Mortimer rented a room in Flint and began his task of breaking down the workers' almost unbelievable terror of the consequences that they would suffer if they joined the U.A.W. He wrote a weekly letter to thousands in the plants, and he visited all who responded, talking to them in his slow, matter-of-fact, lucid way. "You're afraid to join the U.A.W. because you're sure you'll lose your job, isn't that it?" Mortimer would ask. "But look. You'll lose your job sure as God made little green apples, not because of your joining a union but because you're going to get older, you're going to be forty one of these days, and then you'll be considered too old to hire. New machinery and speed-up will eat up your job. The union can protect you. The only way you can guard yourself against the certainty that you'll lose your job is collectively to defend it."

It was such a long, slow task, this building of a union out of nothing and this steady fight against deep-seated fear. Yet by January 1937 the union had coalesced, and Mortimer with the aid of Bob Travis, young organizer from Toledo, led the Flint sit-down strike that broke the back of General Motors' resistance. In other towns organizers made similar progress. General Motors capitulated, then Chrysler and the smaller motor companies. Only Ford defied the U.A.W. The union prepared to invade the Ford empire.

The recession beat them to it. The sit-down of capital, to a great extent initiated by the Detroit industrialists, got out of hand, and the structure of capitalism staggered. Layoffs, originally intended to break the unions and destroy the New Deal, succeeded in limiting the purchasing power of consumers, so that they were no longer able to buy automobiles. The auto plants curtailed production still further. Ford quietly laid off forty thousand men in one day, and soon after dramatically announced that he was taking on ten thousand in order to "expand" production. But V-8's failed to pour out of the River Rouge plant, and only a few dribbled off the assembly line. Workers waited at home for jobs; soon they began to apply for relief to tide them and their families over the winter. Yet while Ford reduced his payroll, he retained twenty-five hundred to three thousand servicemen to see that his grandchildren weren't kidnaped and that no one talked union to other men on the skeleton crews.

The U.A.W. was forced to approach the organization of the Ford plants more slowly. In addition, during the last six months, factionalism impeded the U.A.W. Without doubt, the friction within the union was exaggerated, particularly by the employers who hoped that the union would destroy itself, and also by the employers' "loyal workers," like Benjamin Stolberg, who made himself a pretty penny by sketching a fantastic picture of the U.A.W. crumbling as the factionalists strangled each other. To be sure, small groups of provocateurs made much of the disagreements among the auto union officials, seeing a chance to worm their way into control of an organization they had done nothing to build. The Lovestoneites rushed their slick generals to Detroit. With a party totaling one hundred and eight members in Michigan, of which thirty joined the auto union, the Lovestone clique intrigued here and there, misrepresented and traduced, clamorously raised the Red scare. Some of the union leaders—and Homer Martin has unfortunately been guilty of this error—listened to the careerists and allowed themselves to be flattered into following false leads. Lacking experience in trade unionism, or knowledge of the political maneuverings of an unprincipled group, a few officials were misled by the Lovestoneites and indulged in Red-baiting and other union-splitting tactics, instead of exerting their full energy in building the U.A.W.

Richard Frankensteen, college football player who became vice-president of the U.A.W., laughed when I hesitatingly asked him about factionalism. "We've had it all right," he said. "But we're not afraid to talk about it. Yesterday, our executive board adjourned. We agreed on a program based on organizing those who still remain outside the

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Mischa Richter

"Them ain't slums—them's where the cullud people live."

U.A.W., of tackling Ford, stabilizing our organization, and permanently establishing the gains we have made."

"I have heard that there are divisions in the union," the executive's voice was amiable. "Men came into the U.A.W. during a wave of hysteria. Now they begin to question. Clearly, the union will be unable to bring Ford workers into the U.A.W., and in the end we will remember all this union business as a rather unpleasant tempest that once upset the normal tempo of the industrial scene."

From the desk drawer Richard Frankensteen drew out a chart. "We have divided Detroit into twenty-one sections," he explained. "We know where every U.A.W. member lives, and we are finding out where each Ford worker is located. Our members are mobilized in a house-to-house campaign to contact the Ford workers and to clarify to them the objectives of the organizational drive." Foreign-born workers call upon their own countrymen, Catholics visit their co-religionists. Negroes with union buttons approach other Negroes, and tell them that in the auto union they will find no discrimination. The unemployed waiting to be summoned to the Dearborn plant learn what the union has done for jobless members. Every night the U.A.W. broadcasts its message, and on Sundays for one hour a spokesman answers questions and objections that workers have raised. In January, more Ford men joined the U.A.W. than ever before.

There could be no better preparation for the Ford drive than the evidence, constantly before the workers, that the U.A.W. is a powerful force for progress both in Michigan and nationally. The efforts of the auto union to care for its unemployed—71.6 percent are out of work in the auto industry—have been similar in approach and in results to the methods described in previous articles utilized by the C.I.O. in the Pittsburgh area and in Akron.

Largely through the initiative of the U.A.W., a conference was called toward the end of January to prepare for the coming 1938 elections under the banner of Labor's Non-Partisan League. The visit of U.A.W. officials to President Roosevelt early in February acquainted the President with unemployment problems in Michigan; undoubtedly this knowledge contributed toward the administration's determination to increase federal appropriations for immediate relief. The mass demonstration organized by the union in Detroit's Cadillac Square immediately after the officials had returned from Washington brought out two hundred thousand, who demanded among other things increased relief, lower rents, and a moratorium on chattel debts. The effect on Governor Frank Murphy and the state administration was apparent in Murphy's message to the demonstration: "If I had to choose between adequate relief and a deficit, I would choose the deficit. I am having every resource of the state government made available to assist local governments.... I shall not hesitate to call the legislature into special session to provide additional funds."

YET THE UNION realizes that preparation for the battle with Ford will require painstaking effort. Long ago Ford instructed Harry Bennett to stop the unions. And Bennett, who heads the service department, understands only violence. In 1932, he stopped the hunger march of the unemployed by killing four men and wounding over one hundred. He helped organize the Black Legion. He recruited criminals into his private army, paid them well, encouraged brutality. Harry Bennett, ex-sailor pugilist, five feet nine with thick shoulders and a thick neck, a[illegible]n of fashion in striped shirts and polka-d[illegible]bow ties, is one of those rugged men that [illegible]nry Ford can trust.

After all, Ford himself springs fro[illegible] the sturdy myth of American individualism. In Bennett, Ford found a hard-hitting servant free of namby-pamby complexities that Ford feels is ruining America and bringing foreign ideas of shorter hours, collective bargaining, and unionization. Bennett serves him well, and guards his empire in a manner that the National Labor Relations Board found "unbelievably brutal," and which depended on "hired thugs to terrorize and beat union members and sympathizers."

"Such loose statements as those indulged in by the N.L.R.B. infuriate me," the executive explained. "Henry Ford is a just man. Here, let me read you a piece from the Detroit 'Free-Press.' It tells of the time when Ford built his house and some robins nested over the kitchen door. Now listen:

"Nail up the door," said Henry, "so the robins cannot be disturbed."

"But," asked the kitchen help, "how will we get out?"

"Use the side door," said Henry, "until the birds are through with the back one."

May sound crazy to you, too, Mister, but Henry just didn't want those birds bothered.

"Now," added the executive, "that doesn't impress me as the action of a brutal man."

No major industrialist has fenced himself off from reality with a protective myth so well as Ford. No industrialist has misled so many people into believing that his rapaciousness is in essence a soft humanitarianism that makes the River Rouge plant a haven for workers. No one has more successfully ballyhooed his belief in high wages while paying less than a living wage; no one has practised a paternalism more brutal under the guise of protecting the workers. The Ford myth must be shattered before the union can force the tight-minded little bigot of Dearborn, with his love of square dances and his hatred of Jews, to recognize the principles of American democracy.

The organization of Ford will probably require the most difficult strike the C.I.O. has yet experienced. But unless Ford is conquered, organized labor is unsafe, as unsafe as an army that has advanced deep into enemy territory except for one flank which lags behind, impeded by a powerful enemy emplacement.

The servicemen on the roof of the River Rouge plant stand bundled in thick lumberjackets with machine guns at their sides. Some day they will shoot, for Henry Ford is a mild-mannered little man who would rather kill than retreat. Union men know that. They shrug when they talk about it. "They'll shoot. They'll kill many of us, maybe us right here. But Ford will be a U.A.W. shop as sure as there's speed-up in his plants."

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Murder, That's Not News

By Michael Brush

A COUPLE of weeks ago a man killed a cop. That happens. But as a result of this killing something happened which doesn't often occur. This killing suddenly shed a strange and unexpected light on a lot of things in New York City, which are usually kept decently covered up.

Twenty years ago a man called Martin J. Lavin started on a career of crime. Between 1918 and 1938 he had a record of over twenty known crimes, four of them murders; twenty-one arrests; two convictions. The crimes included homicide, robbery, robbery with arms, assault with intent to kill, felonious assault. Frequently he was caught in the act. Yet one of the convictions was for sixty days, and the other for little more than a year.

Then, in 1932, a month after another murder, Lavin killed a Negro in a saloon hold-up. The owner of the saloon, J. McGrath, and Frank Russo, an eye-witness, were taken to police headquarters where they identified Lavin and his accomplice, Sam Matera, and also identified the wallets which the hold-up men had stolen but dropped. The two men were locked up in the Tombs.

Here, after a while, they began to act strangely. Lavin was removed to Bellevue prison ward; Matera stayed in the Tombs. Dr. Perry Lichtenstein, psychiatrist attached to the district attorney's office, noticed that Matera was faking insanity; he was not even sent to Bellevue. Lavin, however, whose one longer sentence had been in Rahway Reformatory, where he had been trusty in charge of the hospital and so had seen the mentally sick and those feigning insanity, did better. He apparently fooled quite a number of the heads of the psychiatric division. At any rate, he was kept in Bellevue three months, although Section 81 of the Mental Hygiene Law reads:

> In no case shall any insane be kept in any other place than a state hospital or a duly licensed institution for the insane for a period longer than thirty days.

At the end of the three months, Lavin had a long list of fancy diagnoses on his chart from these same heads (and a much less fancy but apparently more trustworthy report from the nurses who had actually watched the man night and day). He was brought before a lunacy commission, which, after questioning him for six hours, affirmed him insane—in such a "state of idiocy" that he was "unable to comprehend what was happening" to him. He was sent to Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. After one week there Dr. R. F. C. Keib, the superintendent, said he was "malingering."

Seven months later Sam Matera, who all this time had remained in the Tombs, was discharged by a directed verdict; immediately, at Matteawan, Lavin got well. He was returned, sane, for trial. But miraculously, two of the witnesses against him had disappeared, and two now changed their evidence. Russo and McGrath, who had identified the murderer and their own stolen wallets so positively two years ago, now "could not remember" either. "It was the smelliest thing I ever had to do with," said the arresting officer, who was not even called to the trials. Assistant District Attorney Miles M. O'Brien at the time said even more. "It is a needless waste of time," he told the General Sessions Court, "to proceed with the Lavin case." So Lavin was discharged for "lack of evidence." A few years later, in January 1938, he killed Police Sergeant David Kilpatrick in a pawnshop hold-up in the Bronx, and was himself fatally shot.

Martin Lavin has ended what has been called his "charmed life of crime." But the powers which charmed it are still at work, and, what is worse, are being joined by others which can make even better use of such professional criminals. Lavin was merely a "Tammany club brawler," yet the entire machinery of law enforcement and administration, including the machinery of the psychiatric hospitals and institutions, were at the service of Tammany in protecting him. Professional criminals are now made use of by industry. The hired guards, strikebreakers, provocateurs, spies, and agents made use of by the employers are recruited, and must be recruited more and more, from the ranks of the discharged criminals, thugs, or petty gangsters. (The big gangsters are usually in business on their own.) Therefore, to see how the machinery even of the hospitals and science is used in this business becomes of prime importance to the entire labor movement.

The newly formed Committee on Law Enforcement held a two-day hearing in the State Supreme Court on February 3 and 4. The hearings turned into a field day for psychiatrists and might have been called "Alienists on Trial." First it was shown that the hospital which was to decide on Lavin's mental condition hadn't even been provided with the records of his twenty-odd crimes. None of the probation officers or prison officials or Tombs attendants were called to report on how Lavin had behaved under their supervision. Dr. Menas Gregory, for thirty years the head of Bellevue's psychiatric division, who "resigned" in 1934 for corrupt practices and testified that the "only scientific method is to gather the facts," said he did not see Lavin's prison record.

It must not be forgotten that the most dangerous mental defectives (potential or actual criminals) go through the city hospitals; and what is true of Bellevue Hospital is true to a greater or lesser degree of every city hospital in the country. In Massachusetts unbelievable horrors were recently uncovered in the state hospitals; five hundred deaths of mental patients, due to brutality and unnecessary restraint, were reported. At present a New York newspaper is running an exposé of conditions in Rockland State Hospital which shames the sixteenth century in methods of cruelty, torture, and neglect. And mental defectives and criminals run loose, discharged or released from hospitals and institutions uncured. Lawrence Marks and Paul Elmore, who ravished and murdered little girls, had been at Bellevue; Robert Irwin had been discharged both from Bellevue and Rockland—"improved," *not* cured. Albert Fish, who murdered four little children, had been there. Electrocuting these men does little to deter others from this kind of crime; it does nothing to protect the community.

At the committee's hearings it was revealed that a number of professional criminals, who are known to have faked insanity, are free now. Police, investigating, found they were "not at their given addresses." Should we be surprised? In October 1937 Dr. Frederic Wertham, testifying before the McNaboe committee, stated that several criminals he knew of were known simulators; the chief among them (at that time they were designated merely as Cases A, B, C, etc.) was Martin Lavin; at that time this psychiatrist said: "I tell you this man will yet commit another murder."

Dr. Gregory, Dr. Samuel Feigin, his chief assistant, Dr. Frank Curran, Dr. Paul Schilder, whose notes on the chart of Martin Lavin gave him fancy diseases, all suddenly agreed at the hearings (thus changing their original diagnoses) that what the patient had had was a "reactive psychosis," a "situation psychosis," or, in the higher-sounding terminology indulged in by Dr. Gregory, he was "a psychopathic personality with a paranoid-hallucinatory tendency." Dr. Carter N. Colbert, assistant head of the psychiatric division, let a cat out of the professional bag when he testified that staff conferences had not seriously considered the faking possibility, this pointing, under the circumstances, to "covering up." (It must be remembered that Lavin had a record of twenty years of crime, that he had murdered three men, had gotten off on every occasion but two, and then had received only light sentences. He knew he could get off again. Why should he then suddenly develop a serious mental ailment caused by the fear of not getting off? For the psychiatrists testified that this was what they meant by a "situation" or "reactive psychosis."

It came out at the hearings that Lavin was known to two city administrations for what

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he was. The case had been described and commented upon in an exhaustive report made in 1934 by Commissioner of Accounts Blanshard, a report with a great many pertinent and very damning facts. *This report was never made public.* These facts are still operative, *and the report is still suppressed.* Dr. Colbert testified under oath before the McNaboe commission that political pressure was "almost the rule" in felony cases that came to Bellevue's prison ward; that the "studied omissions" of malingering features in the Lavin case "would indicate personal motives for such covering up"; that even to hold a patient three months, when ten days was the rule, would indicate such "covering up."

To furnish a temporary stop-gap to public indignation, an outcry has been raised against the lunacy commissions. A lunacy commission had considered Lavin insane, though in doing so, one of the commissioners testified, they were greatly influenced by the Bellevue doctors' diagnoses. And these city top doctors' opinion was wrong, biased, and had a political purpose. True, lunacy commissioners are usually political appointees, are paid large fees, and rarely do much more than endorse the opinions of doctors who are politically the "right" doctors. Doubtless these commissions cost the taxpayer much uselessly spent money. But to abolish them and leave lunacy decisions to those doctors who are equally suspect of political pressure will hardly reform the situation. Some of the top positions in Bellevue are made as political appointments, while the hard-working, trained staff doctors, who have had years of experience (and are not in a position to exert political pressure) are resigning their jobs because they can't live on what the city pays them. One man who has been a psychiatrist for thirteen years is paid only two thousand dollars a year.

To complete the picture of incompetence, confusion, and political corruption, there have been rumors lately of activities on the part of hospital officials, which come dangerously near the borders of fascist behavior. For some years there have been rumblings about discrimination against the colored people in city hospitals. At Bellevue there is not one colored nurse. Dr. S. S. Goldwater, commissioner of hospitals, who collects large commissions on new buildings, spoke of colored doctors and nurses at a recent investigation as "Negro material," and said it was "well known" they were less efficient than white nurses and doctors. Unbelievable conditions exist in the hospital—dirt, neglect, bad food, lack of bedsheets, overcrowding of patients, rudeness, and even cruelty. One colored woman patient said the "contemptuous and slighting" manner in which she was treated drove her back home. Patients are put in the same bathtub without its being cleaned; the same receptacles are used again and again without being washed.

The suppressed Blanshard report described some of these conditions, yet they have remained unchanged. There is still utter lack of coöperation among the dozens of agencies that deal with mental defectives. They still roam the streets, unwatched, despite the fact that they may have already committed crimes. Political pressure is still exercised, inside and outside the hospital, for wrong ends; the higher-ups in the profession get the big (frequently politically inspired) fees; political appointees are given scientific jobs; unionism is frowned on and all but publicly discouraged.

It is not only the doctors and patients who suffer from this state of affairs; the community grows increasingly less protected from the more dangerous criminals. When professional strong-arm men beat up or murder workers or strikers, get hired by Bergoffs and Burnses and Pinkertons, we ask ourselves where they come from. The Lavin case is a typical example of how they are protected, how they escape punishment, and how the machinery of our city institutions is abused to set them free to continue their nefarious activities.

Gardner Rea

"Gently, Herbert. Maybe Councilman Quinn's sleeping in it."

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READERS' FORUM

Japan Polices Foreigners in China

TO THE NEW MASSES:

ENCLOSED you will find a copy of the regulations issued by the garrison commander of the Japanese expeditionary forces in Shanghai. It seems to be a typical example of the "culture" Japan is introducing.

New York City. K. C.

[ENCLOSURE]

Regulations Pertaining to Residents Desiring to Return to Their Homes in Hongkew

Foreigners who want to employ foreign and/or Chinese house boys and amahs are requested to submit through the Japanese consulate-general an application describing the employers' nationality and permanent domicile, name and classification of occupation with two copies of employee's photographs attached thereto.

Control of light shall be strictly observed. For this purpose all the residents are requested to have the necessary devices which will have to undergo inspection by the S.M.C. Japanese police.

Those who want to employ Chinese servants are requested to previously submit to the Japanese consulate-general an application together with two copies of photographs of each servant and make such employees assemble at the Garden Bridge by ten a. m. on the appointed day. These employees will be sent to the Isolation Hospital where they will be detained overnight for the purpose of undergoing medical examination and examination ex freta prevention-injection against cholera and vaccination.

Employers on the following morning are requested to call at the Japanese consulate in order to receive a note of authentication and then go to the Japanese Club in order to receive a pass.

Curfew ten p. m. to five a. m.

The market shall be opened to all residents between the hours of five a. m. and nine a. m.

Foreigners returning to the district north of the creek are specially requested to respect the sentry on point duty at the Garden Bridge and at the street corners by giving a gentle bow and wishing him "good morning." Foreigners must realize the fact that a Japanese soldier doing such duty represents the *emperor of Japan.*

Special passes will be given to those having Japanese friends, and it is hoped that everyone wishing to live in Hongkew will make friends with the Japanese. Japanese ladies well versed in English, 150 of them, from the Tokyo High School are now in Shanghai for the sole purpose of being better acquainted with foreigners. Further details, regarding interviews, etc., with these ladies will be furnished at the Japanese Club in the office of the secretary to the commander of the naval fleet in Shanghai.

Foodstuffs for the residents will be sold at 23½ percent discount. Sake will be free of charge to those who drink the health of the emperor, and a quantity not exceeding two liters can be taken away each day.

In the event of foreigners wishing to employ Japanese maid servants they are requested to make application to the garrison commander at the Japanese Club as soon as possible as there are a limited number of Nei Sans. Bachelors need not apply. All single men will be supplied with mates as soon as facts are known. Married men applying for Nei Sans will have to obtain the consent of their wives.

Foreigners who employ Nei Sans will be entitled to one bath a week in any of the undermentioned bath houses in Hongkew free of charge. Foreign ladies can apply for Japanese male masseurs. Bathhouses are situated at: 275 Range Road, 393 Boone Road, and 120-A Woosung Road.

By order of the Garrison Commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in China.

Franco Educates Mr. Sedgwick

TO THE NEW MASSES:

ELLERY SEDGWICK, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* went to Spain and, after looking over conditions, informs us through the columns of the New York *Times* that "Progressives, as we should call them, follow him [Franco] in great numbers." Mr. Sedgwick also discovered that "the liberal spirit is clearly in the ascendant" in Franco's territory.

It is refreshing to get Mr. Sedgwick's factual reporting after all these months. It is refreshing to know that the bombing of Guernica, the shelling of Almeria, the slaughters of Badajoz, and the strafing on the road from Malaga were merely expressions of Franco's devotion to the "liberal spirit." It is, moreover, heartening to know that Franco has received the help of Hitler and Mussolini in spreading this spirit—just as Ethiopia got it in 1935 and Austria is to get it in 1938.

But what makes Mr. Sedgwick's articles particularly significant is that he went to fascist Spain on the invitation of the Franco government, and that when he left, Franco's press-agents in New York stated that he was expected to describe "how the country has been benefited by Franco's rule."

Mr. Sedgwick lived up to expectations. He discovered that "education comes before democracy." Hitler and Mussolini have been treating their countries to such education. Mr. Sedgwick on his return to Boston will undoubtedly tell us how we can get rid of our democracy so that we can be truly educated—in the Hitler-Mussolini-Franco sense.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ELLIOT PITKIN.

Two Spanish Brothers

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE common and mistaken idea that the war in Spain is a struggle between Communists and fascists only is actually encouraged by the fascists themselves, for it creates an attitude of indifference on the part of those who are not interested in politics. Time after time I have witnessed incidents that convinced me that the broad masses of the Spanish people are by nature and training strong anti-fascists. Many of them are unaffected by the efforts of the Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists to win them to their respective parties, but sincere anti-fascists they certainly are.

Two of my good friends, Antonio and Felix Candela, both architects, and until the war, lifelong residents of Madrid, are two such anti-fascists. Neither of them has ever been interested deeply in politics, and they still remain aloof from the parties. But their hatred of fascism is the hatred of those whose city and homes are being destroyed wantonly by the fascists. Their father, who died in 1929, was anti-monarchist and favored the republic.

Tony, who is twenty-five, and Felix, twenty-seven, come from a middle-class Madrid family. After the death of their father, it became necessary for the family to sell the shoe business, and the two young boys had to help support the family while attending their technical school. Felix is an architect; Tony is his assistant. Both were graduated from the Madrid School of Architecture in 1935.

During his course of study, Felix won the scholarship of the Count of Cartegena and in July 1936 was to be sent to Germany for further study. He was all packed, railroad ticket and all, and was to leave Madrid on the day that the war broke out.

In February of 1937, Tony and Felix were sent to Albacete to work in the construction office of the military commander. They sent their mother and crippled sister to a farm on the Mediterranean.

Tony and Felix design and build barracks, bomb-proof shelters, auto parks, and all buildings of a military nature. Felix has designed a standard type of small, wooden portable barrack, housing thirty-two men, which can be erected in thirty minutes by four men. Metal slots are used to take the place of nails which are very scarce. The Department of Works of the Spanish People's Army has found the type very practical. It is being copied throughout the country.

The Candela Home in Madrid is still the center of their life, and the two boys in Albacete act like emigres in a foreign country. They can never consider any other place but Madrid as their home, and they go there on the slightest provocation.

Their contempt for servility showed me clearly the average Spaniard's basic democratic spirit. One day while I was waiting in their office, a middle-aged Spaniard, who was trying to curry favor with them, addressed them as "Don Tony" and "Don Felix." I noticed the look of disgust on my friends' faces, and when the favor-seeker left, hat in hand, Tony dismissed the incident with "Bah, he's a sucker."

Barcelona, Spain. LEONARD GRUMET.

Writers Protest "Post" Editorial

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I ENCLOSE a copy of a letter sent today to the publisher and editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post,* for your interest.

FRANKLIN FOLSOM,
Executive Secretary,
League of American Writers.

[ENCLOSURE]

As an American organization committed to the support of the people's front in all countries, the League of American Writers wishes to declare its most urgent and emphatic sense of outrage at the editorial which appeared on the front page of the New York *Evening Post* on Tuesday, February 15.

Our point can be put simply and in very few words: we believe in the people's front because where it is strong it has prevented fascism, as in France; or is beating it back, as in Spain.

Both in tone and in content Mr. Stern's editorial recalls, in horribly reminiscent fashion, the policies of the liberal press in Germany immediately before Hitler's accession to dominance. We would remind Mr. Stern that the experience of those liberals should permit him no illusions as to the kind of gratitude he himself may expect, if his services help to promote a victory for the forces of reaction.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART,
President.
PHILIP STEVENSON,
Secretary.

New Young Communist Monthly

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IT will interest your younger readers to know of the appearance of a new magazine for young people, the Young Communist *Review.* Its function is to provide younger Marxists with that theoretical material directed to them, which no other periodical of late has furnished them.

The Young Communist *Review* will be published monthly by the Young Communist League in a modern, youthful format. The first issue (March), now on sale, includes thirty-two pages of material on such subjects as the Ludlow amendment, collective security, education, and the recession, by such contributors as Carl Ross, Celeste Strack, Francis Franklin, Dave Grant, and others. Of particular interest is the material gathered from the discussion held at a recent enlarged meeting of the National Board of the Y.C.L.

The magazine may be obtained now at most workers' bookstores, from Y.C.L. members, or through the national office of the Y.C.L., 35 East 12th Street, New York City.

JOSEPH STAROBIN, Editor.

New York City.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Twentieth-Century Americanism

THE PEOPLE'S FRONT, *by Earl Browder. International Publishers.* $2.25.

THIS is a collection of reports and speeches made by the general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States during 1936 and 1937; its importance lies in the fact that it states the official position of the party during the last presidential campaign and the constitutional crisis which followed it. It must, therefore, he treated primarily as a political document, even though it makes interesting reading in and of itself. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it emphasizes the new party line—a line which is in strong contrast to that of the period preceding the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International and has been undergoing a process of development even during the short period covered by this book.

It would therefore be easy to criticize the book and the line from the point of view of past utterances either of the party or the author, and even to find contradictions between the reports and speeches of the beginning of the period covered by this book and those of a later date.

But criticism is disarmed by the statement of the author in the "Foreword," which frankly admits the contradictions, and in effect makes a virtue of their necessity. Says Mr. Browder:

> Our Communist policy represents a constant struggle to meet more adequately the problems of a rapidly changing world. Every step we make in this direction is a "contradiction" of the position from which we stepped. Far from wishing to hide these "contradictions," we would push them forward for the more serious student as the highest lesson we have to teach—the cause of change, its technique, its timing—the why, how, and when—in short, the process of history in the making and the role of political consciousness therein. (P. 13)

Leaving out of consideration a few minor pieces of an earlier date, and examining the party line as it has developed during the presidential campaign of 1936 and in the struggle over President Roosevelt's Judiciary Reorganization Bill of the spring of 1937—to which the bulk of the matter here presented is devoted—the book gives a very clear and most persuasive presentation of the present position of the Communist Party of the United States. This position is best stated by Mr. Browder in an address delivered at the Massachusetts convention of the Communist Party on September 19, 1937. This address is entitled *Democracy and the Constitution,* and deals with the sesquicentennial anniversary of the adoption of the United States Constitution.

The occasion of the address is significant, for it brings into organic connection the position of the Communist Party on the question of the people's front on the one hand, and on the Judiciary Reorganization Bill on the other. The connection may not be obvious, but it is there: the problem of the people's front is not merely a problem of temporary alliances to meet a certain emergency but a basic problem of democracy, and it is the latter that was the true issue in the struggle over the Judiciary Reorganization Bill.

Also, both the problem of the people's front in the United States and the constitutional crisis evoked by the Judiciary Reorganization Bill, required a change of attitude on the part of the left-wing parties in this country toward American history, based upon a closer study of the development of our institutions as the result of the country's growth, the change of its economic structure, and the class struggles whereby it was brought about.

The book here under review shows that the Communist Party of the United States has successfully effected this reorientation, and the left-wing movement may congratulate itself upon the result. For the change involves not only a sounder view of American history—in itself no mean accomplishment—but also a better approach to the solution of the practical problems with which we are confronted in the present economic and political emergency. Perhaps the best way of placing before the reader the new attitude is to quote a few paragraphs from Mr. Browder's address. Mr. Browder commenced his address with the following introductory statement:

> We are celebrating several anniversaries. Two hundred years ago, in 1737, was born Tom Paine, destined to become the fiery tribune of the people in our revolutionary war of independence. One hundred fifty years ago we received our United States Constitution, product of the revolution which had stirred the whole world, and representing a compromise between the conflicting interests which fought the war. Eighteen years ago was born the Communist Party, the party destined to carry on and complete the work begun by Tom Paine, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln. (P. 235)

Those who are familiar with the tone traditional in the radical movement of this country with respect to our War of Independence, and particularly toward the Constitution, will sit up and take notice—and some of them will probably wonder whether the Communist Party has not gone "native." But we are only at the beginning of the address. A little farther on Mr. Browder made the following declaration which must have startled and amazed some of our Rip Van Winkles:

> Last Friday [says he] I listened, in company with most Americans, with deepest interest and attention to the extraordinary speech of our President. There is not the slightest doubt that it expressed the deepest desires and thoughts that unite the majority of the American people against the threat from Wall Street and the Liberty League. I have no hesitation in declaring for the Communist Party and its followers, that with the central thoughts and the direction of President Roosevelt's speech, we are in practical agreement, *and that on such questions with which we disagree these are not questions for immediate practical solution.* (P. 237)

The italicized words contain the nub of the problem of the people's front, and mark a revolutionary change in attitude from that which is traditional in the Socialist Party and to which the Communist Party itself adhered until a couple of years ago. In substance that attitude was that *the issue in every political campaign is Socialism,* and the question for "immediate practical solution" before the American people at all times is that of the transition from capitalism to Socialism.

It is because of this that the problem of "immediate demands" was such a hard nut to crack for the Socialist movement of this country for decades past. And while the platforms of the Socialist Party usually included a long list of immediate demands,

Anton Refregier

Mr. Ellery Sedgwick Views Rebel Spain

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these demands were ordinarily put there as a sop to the right wing, and the platforms as a whole made it clear that these demands were of such minor importance as not to affect the problem of organization of the working class into a political party.

Nor were the immediate demands, whenever they were included, considered as having an organic relation to the bringing about of Socialism, except in the rare instances when the right wing managed to put over its philosophy which conceived the transition to Socialism as a gradual process, to be brought about not by means of revolutionary class struggle but through education or other "peaceful" means.

That, clearly, is not Browder's view or the view of the party for which he speaks. The Communist Party has not given up the class-struggle theory of social evolution or its conviction that the transition from capitalism to Socialism must come about by revolution. The change of attitude is due to an entirely different circumstance—namely, *the conviction that Socialism is not an immediate issue in this country, but that democracy is; coupled with the conviction that democracy is an absolute prerequisite to the introduction of Socialism.*

> The Communist Party [says Browder a little further on in his address] repudiates now as in the past, all theories or proposals looking toward a forcible imposition of Socialism or any utopia upon the majority of the people. We repudiate the "reckless resolve to seize power" by any minority. (P. 239)

When this theoretical position is joined with the practical conviction that the people of the United States are not as yet ready to adopt Socialism, the necessary conclusion is that Socialism is not an immediate issue. And when you add to that the conviction that democracy is in danger in the United States, the inevitable result is that instead of organizing separately for the purpose of effecting the transition from capitalism to Socialism, and keeping apart from those who are not ready to undertake that task immediately, Communists must, while keeping the ultimate goal in view and doing everything to bring it about, unite for the present with all those who are ready to preserve democracy. This is something quite different from the opinion of some Socialists that a farmer-labor party, or even a reformed Democratic Party, might give us at least something "on account" of a Socialist order; and Browder takes great pains to dissociate himself from those who adhere to such opinion.

That does not mean that Browder underestimates the value of the immediate reforms which may be brought about by reform parties, and particularly by a farmer-labor party. Believing, as he does, that the living conditions of the working classes and the people as a whole may be improved under capitalism, he is ready to coöperate with all those who think likewise. And believing, as he also does, that the Democratic Party is hopeless, notwithstanding anything that its reformist wing under the leadership of President Roosevelt may desire to do, he is strongly in favor of the organization of a farmer-labor party as the only means of bringing that about.

But there is one problem which is constantly before us which requires a united front—not in organization but in unity of purpose—and that is the problem of the preservation of democracy. That problem must be kept constantly in mind, even while efforts are making for the bringing about of a labor party or a farmer-labor party. That is the problem that was involved in the Judiciary Reorganization Bill. Hence the strong support given President Roosevelt by the Communist Party on that issue, while recognizing the shortcomings of the bill itself, and not overlooking the very important fact that President Roosevelt is not ready to do all that is necessary in order to safeguard democracy in that quarter:

> In this fight [said Mr. Browder in an address delivered May 26, 1937] the Communist Party has militantly taken its stand shoulder to shoulder with the organized workers and the forces of popular democracy. Without sharing any of the illusions about the efficacy of Roosevelt's policies to fundamentally solve the political and economic problems of the country, the Communist Party recognizes unqualifiedly that in this battle the forces of reaction, fascism, and war are concentrated more and more in the camp opposing Roosevelt's plan, while the forces of a popular democracy, and first of all of the labor movement, are rallied in its support. In such a line-up there is but one possible place for the Communists, on the side of democracy. (P. 232)

Which is good Marxism, as well as good politics. A word of caution is in order, however. Not being a comprehensive theoretical treatise, but rather the statement of a practical program and a call to battle, this book of necessity stresses the immediate and overemphasizes the battle cry. In this there is danger not only of willful distortion by enemies but of misinterpretation by friends unless care is taken, in some way, to state explicitly what is only implied in this book. Particularly must our relation to the middle class be more precisely defined if we are not to be misunderstood.

A. Marculescu

In the old days when the Socialist Party was the hope of the working class of this country, Robert Hunter—then high in the councils of the right wing of that party—insisted that the fight for Socialism was a fight of the people against the "upper four hundred thousand." In a way, that was true: there can be no doubt of the fact that insofar as relative advantages to be derived from the capitalist system on the one hand and the Socialist order on the other, there were probably no more than four hundred thousand adults—certainly no more than four hundred thousand voters—who were better off under capitalism than they would be under Socialism. And if everyone consulted his real advantage, all of the people should have been arrayed against the upper four hundred thousand. But in assuming that that was possible, Hunter entirely overlooked the way the world we live in actually works. And in making his belief the basis of a political program, he was giving the working class of this country advice which, if acted upon, would certainly end in disaster.

It is the merit of Marxian theory that—contrary to common belief and in opposition to the philosophy of "enlightened self-interest"—it stresses the psychological factors resulting from the way in which the world lives and works. Marxists know, and it is their duty to explain whenever possible, the factors which make people act contrary to their better interests and the practical consequences which flow therefrom. It is unfortunate that the nature of the book here under review did not make it possible or convenient to go into this phase of Marxian theory and its practical bearing upon the policy to be pursued by the working class of this country. As a result we have statements like the following:

> Let the farmers and *middle classes* take a leaf from the book of the C.I.O., let them bring their Jeffersonianism up to date, let them join forces with the working class, which welcomes them with open arms—then truly, and only then, will democracy have created for itself some guarantees and strongholds. (P. 242)

This is true enough, and, in its context, well put. But unless care is taken to point out the difference, it might well be mistaken for the position taken by Robert Hunter, which led to the ultimate wrecking of the Socialist Party. This is particularly true in view of the fact that in the years which have elapsed since Robert Hunter's column in the New York *Call* was in vogue, the concentration of capital, and the "monopoly capitalism" resulting therefrom, has grown apace, so that the real beneficiaries of capitalism have been

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Is cod-liver oil toxic?

What are the advantages and disadvantages of artificial sunlight?

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For permanent, constant protection what is the cheapest and soundest insurance available? What companies sell this type of insurance.

Why do certain insurance companies refuse to sell certain types of insurance to women, Negroes, and manual workers?

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What factors should you consider in selecting a site for your home?

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considerably reduced in number. At a time when *America's 60 Families* is an article of popular consumption and "Wall Street is the enemy!" a true slogan in the immediate struggle for democracy, it is very important that the concept "middle classes" be carefully defined so as to distinguish between those middle groups upon which the working class may count as potential allies either in the struggle for better economic conditions or for the preservation of democracy, and those which must be considered definitely on the other side in either of these struggles or both.

It is particularly important that we have no illusions on the score of the "little businessman." Whatever the real value of his stake in the capitalist system, the little businessman can no more be counted on to become an ally of the working class either in the improving of living conditions generally or the preservation of democracy than big business itself. *Business is business*—whether big or little—as Mr. Roosevelt's recent experience with "little business" has amply demonstrated. Indeed, if anything, little business may be expected to be more reactionary than big business—at least in intention. If it is not always so in action, it is not because of its more progressive attitude but because of its lack of power to do otherwise.

In practice we must, of course, take account of both intentions and power. But it would be a dangerous mistake for the working class to assume that the impotence of little business to do evil is equivalent to a desire to do good. It is this basic error on the part of the German working class under the leadership of Revisionist Socialists that has made the ultimate disaster of Hitlerism possible. For, let there be no mistake about it, fascism does not mean merely big business and its *hired* retainers. Whatever its origin, fascism, and particularly its Nazi brand, ultimately rests on the broad shoulders of the propertied middle class and *its* professional retainers; and it would be disastrous for us to lose sight of this all-important fact.

Nor is the situation basically different in this country, as the various vigilante and citizen committees amply demonstrate. Those do not consist entirely of hired retainers of big business, even though the initiative may be theirs. Notwithstanding the life and death struggle, economically, between big business and little business, the latter is completely under the intellectual domination of the former, furnishing the *volunteers* which are the really dangerous element in the vigilante and citizens' committee movement —the precursor of American fascism.

Nor can we ever hope to convert the little businessman—the mass of him—to a different attitude toward the labor movement, by showing him the utter worthlessness of his stake in capitalism and the great value of what he is offered in exchange therefor. His psychology makes him absolutely impervious to that kind of argument, even if he were intelligent enough to understand what it's all about. Psychologically, *business is business*—and since logic is ultimately *psychologic*, that places definite limitations on the capacity of those engaged in business to follow certain lines of argument. And in this respect little business is, by and large, in a much worse position than big business—at least, than that portion of big business which lives on income and has no direct share in business management.

It is true, of course, that in the actual conduct of business the small businessman feels himself crowded by big business. But that does not necessarily lead him to the conclusion that he would be better off in a non-business world. Quite the contrary: it makes him tenacious in his fight for his business world, and the most that we can expect of him is an attempt to curb big business in the push which is crowding him out. That may, on occasion, align him on the side of democracy. But these occasions will be few and far between. And when the seductions of fascism come, with their promise of curbing big business and protecting little business, there can be no doubt as to which side he will be on.

It is much to be desired that in its next official pronouncement—and it ought to come as soon as possible—the Communist Party should take occasion to make its position on this point so clear that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

LOUIS B. BOUDIN.

Hitler's Road to War

THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT, *by Stephen H. Roberts. Harper Bros. $3.*

IT is difficult to characterize this book as a whole because some portions are extremely shrewd and hard-headed and others are embarrassingly innocent and superficial. The best sections deal with Hitlerism and world affairs, that is to say, Hitlerism and war. The feeble parts—and this means practically four-fifths of the book—relate to the internal structure of German fascism, to Hitler as a personality, and to Hitlerism as a movement. No absolute dichotomy is implied here, but there is no escaping the remarkable unevenness of the book.

John Heliker

Professor Roberts, a member of the history faculty at the University of Sydney, Australia, enjoyed unusual coöperation by the Nazi authorities, even at the party headquarters, the Brown House in Munich, during his stay in the country from November 1935 to March 1937. Despite this, he left Germany anything but an admirer of the present rulers or their regime. He left convinced that "the success or failure of Hitlerism brings war in its train." If the book has a message, that is its message. The basic dilemma of Hitlerism, as Professor Roberts views it, is this: "If he [Hitler] persists in the policies he has enunciated, he plunges Europe into war; if he abandons them, he can no longer maintain his position within Germany."

Coming down to cases, he saw, more than a year ago, that "the Austrian and Czech borderlands form the central axis of European affairs" and that "in these frontierlands we have the real danger zone in Europe." Practically without qualification, he dismisses Hitler's use of the "Soviet threat" as the exploitation of a "bogy" and an example of Hitler's "eastern imperialism." But it is entirely characteristic of the book that the section on Soviet-German relations should conclude with blather about a future rapprochement between two countries because "a dictator may easily change his policy, even in the most unlikely directions."

It seems that when Professor Roberts left Germany, some sort of showdown between the army leaders and the Nazi party was in the air. "The most significant feature of present-day Germany," he wrote, is "a noticeable move . . . towards the army." He felt that the army influence grew markedly stronger throughout 1937, and he did not think it far-fetched "to imagine a Germany in which the army, retaining the Führer as a willing figurehead, will take control of the land." To his credit, then, Professor Roberts did foresee some kind of change in the relationship between the two forces. Unfortunately, his estimation of the relative strength of the two was wrong: he expected the army men to get the upper hand. If we may judge from the rest of the book, this misjudgment was due to wishful thinking, typical of the conservative Englishman, worried by Hitlerism but committed to its "appeasement."

Thus, Hitler is described as "primarily a dreamer, a visionary." He sees no evil, hears no evil, speaks no evil. "All the brutal sides of his movement pass him by. The killings, the repressions, the imprisonments do not belong to the world of his imagination." Despite this romancing, the "blood purge" of June 30, 1934 is described as a cold-blooded orgy in which men were shot while working at their

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desks, dragged away from their homes to a waiting car and pumped with lead, hurried to an old cadet school and plugged, one after the other, against the red brick-walls of the central courtyard. Hitler himself supervised the shooting of Röhm and personally issued directions for publishing news of the murder-hunt in the press and over the radio.

But there are at least two Nazis who share Professor Roberts's displeasure. One is Goebbels, the propaganda minister, who "dislikes England," wants an understanding with Italy, and "is diabolically clever and frankly Machiavellian in his views of mankind and the methods he would employ"—apparently the only really bad character in the lot. The other is Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi philosopher-in-chief, who has ideas of world domination, an indiscretion to a patriotic Englishman.

The same bias appears in somewhat more objective form in the pages on the German army and navy. The section on the army is an uninterrupted eulogy of its strength and efficiency. It is even suggested that the German army will one day, perhaps soon, be able to overwhelm the joint forces of France, Czechoslovakia, and the U.S.S.R. But the German navy is another matter. In a comforting way, Professor Roberts writes: "On the whole, there seems no reason for alarm at Germany's new navy. Indeed, Hitler's moderation in this regard is very reassuring, because it shows that he has no thought of an aggressive world strategy of the kind the Kaiser desired."

The clue to a large measure of the faults and contradictions in this book is to be found in this last sentence. It represents sheer wishful thinking. Hitler has repeatedly emphasized his hope for world dominion, most recently in the Reichstag speech on February 20 when he reiterated the Nazi demand for colonies.

This book leaves much to be desired, though I cannot remember any attempt at so comprehensive a survey of the Hitler movement. Compared to Robert A. Brady's *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism,* it lacks realism and penetration, especially in respect to the economic basis of the regime. Professor Roberts knows that Hitlerism means war, but readers had still better consult Professor Brady to find out why.

THEODORE DRAPER.

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printed. She is wildly applauded at a mass meeting at the housing center. And when there is danger of her losing her head a little, one of her friends, a woman physician, a Communist, explains to her the significance of applause in the Soviet Union:

Don't you realize, Tonia, that it wasn't so much you they were clapping today as our times? Understand? . . . Well, to put it even more simply. They clapped the force which even from such as you, even from the backward ones, yes and even out of the capricious ones, extracts their essence, their distinctive value, and directs that value to the workers' benefit. And to your benefit also, of course. You sat at home cooking and weeping and growing angry, and do you think there aren't a lot of others in the same boat? You wait and your two hundred godchildren will show you. The secretary of the Party clapped you. . . . And he clapped you not only for what you've done, but for what you can still do. Because before you lies the devil knows how much yet. . . .

At the end we see Tonia as a senior in the medical school, the happy wife of a Communist commander in the Red Army, and with most of her personal and social problems resolved in the thrilling task of rebuilding the country on a new Socialist foundation.

The novel is well written, though the translation is a bit stiff. Whatever political implications it contains are presented unobtrusively, through suggestion. And Tonia as a character in Russian fiction is as completely and artistically realized as her unforgettable forerunners created by Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky. JOSHUA KUNITZ.

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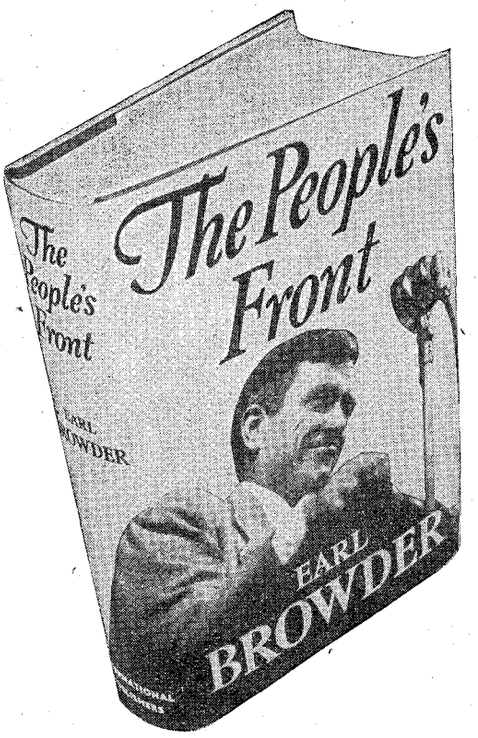

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reader's sense of rightness. The Boston police strike appears in the last chapter simply because it was violent enough to make a grand bloody end of both characters and book. What goes before is violence with the brakes on, and some quiet rural scenes for interludes. The destruction of so many lives by this civilization is explained by one or two hasty references to war profiteers. If the author had struggled to get at what lay beneath that war and that strike, and had made clear its meaning for us today, *Boundary Against Night* would have had a fine chance for success. Because of the potentialities of the material and the writer, this novel is all the more regrettably a failure.

MILTON MELTZER.

Brief Reviews

THE BIG FIRM, *by Amabel Williams-Ellis. Houghton, Mifflin Co.* $2.50.

Do not be deceived by the publisher's insistence that this is a novel about "the love of science and the science of love." It would be more accurate to say that it is a novel about the demoralization of the upper classes, the sabotaging of science by business, the corruption of the press by advertising, the deterioration of reformist politicians, the identity of interest between manual and brain workers, the war-mongering of finance capital, the use of violence by employers, and the need for militant action on the part of the working class. It is, in short, a novel of modern capitalist society, and a very intelligent one, competently written and well-informed. If it makes no pretense to profundity, it is altogether readable and very much worth reading.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Despite several irrelevant and pretentious sections, *The Wooden Spoon* presents some convincing pictures of the conditions of life of the Welsh peasantry. It is the story of the youth of Ned Roberts, his education, his apprenticeship as a farmer, and his love affair with Nel Huws. It is told in the first person, the writer being the hero grown old and cynical after making an unexplained success in America. The most objectionable affectation is the writer's apologetic attitude, extraordinarily well expressed, for his incompetence as a story teller. The end of the story bogs down in the symbolism of the wooden spoon, the token of the boy's affection for Nel Huws. But for these the novel would be far more considerable.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

GRASS ON THE MOUNTAIN, *by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. E. P. Dutton.* $2.50

Like the tide, the planets, and the seasons, the family-chronicle novel still rolls on; and the unrelieved didacticism of this latest addition makes it a particularly boring example of the species. The classic novel of this type is, of course, Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, which derived its distinction from the delicate but firm interweaving of the fall of a mercantile family with the social decline of the *haute* bourgeoisie. With somewhat similar material—the Lyenbecks are an upstate New York family, who own a wood-working factory and rule the people of their little valley with feudal paternalism—the authors of the present volume substitute a sloppy and sentimental mysticism for the clear social analysis which their theme demanded; and the constant prating about "cosmic mind" and "universal intelligence" becomes, after a while, almost obscene in its complacency.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Broadway Marks Time

THREE duds screamed over the sparsely held trenches of Broadway last week and fell harmlessly amid the undisturbed audiences. Indeed, the purveyors of drama seemed in the main bent upon quietly putting their patrons to sleep in a nice, refined way.

Most exciting, if you wish to stretch the meaning of that word toward tenuosity, was the prologue to Martin Berkeley's *Roosty,* at the Lyceum. Guns flashed, gangsters were ganged upon by the police, all in the space of a melodramatic fifteen minutes. Then *Roosty* lapsed into something less than entertainment. This lack is an unfortunate one, for Mr. Berkeley, who has a nose for the social scents, was endowed with the best of good intentions. He undeniably planned to display in all its naked tragedy the gangster's child. Upon Roosty, fourteen-year-old son of Stuff Nelson, banker-robber and killer, are focused all the baneful forces of a social system gone rotten. "What to do about these youngsters?" asks Mr. Berkeley. He would have you believe that they may be redeemed, provided their environment is changed.

But the little play is no more than a trivial incident, and because Roosty is remanded to green pastures and the homely homilies of a debt-ridden peasant household, the answer seems to be: "Send the gangster's child to the country." It is to Mr. Berkeley's credit that he slips into his scenes something of the unrest of the land-bound farmer and that Roosty looks toward the far horizon of a somehow better world. Yet *Roosty,* despite young Jimmie McCallion's fresh characterization and the careful direction of Lee Strasberg, becomes a quiet affair, in fact scarcely a play at all.

Although T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* at the Ritz, is Ashley Duke's original production, it comes to New York in the nature of a revival. In 1935 the Federal Theatre first introduced the mild and contrapuntal verse version of Thomas à Becket's martyrdom in Canterbury. The W.P.A.'s *Murder in the Cathedral* revealed for the first time the potentialities of the players on relief. Despite the limitations imposed upon them by government regulations, they presented a truly spectacular and imaginative evening of the theater.

By comparison the staid and stagy offering of the Mercury Theatre (London original and not the Orson Welles reproduction) is tedious and sleep-inducing. This effect is attained despite Robert Speaight's forthright playing of the commoner who became Henry II's chancellor and archbishop. This Becket was offered both temporal and spiritual power and chose the supposed immortality of martyrdom as "God's way." He offers a juicy morsel to the florid dramatist and the traditional English actor. Yet Eliot, plus Ashley Dukes, creates the lulling peace of choice phrases, beautifully read, broken only by the modern interlude of the assassins who step out of their roles to defend their act.

In irony, Eliot presents the dilemma of the churchman who is tempted by earthly power and who fears the transience of its possession. His way out is through the maze of self-surrender to the inevitable death which, in any event, would have been his. Eliot sheds light upon the central mystery by making it briefly ridiculous. Where he contemplates it through the eyes of the self-deluded mystic, his play sags to the level of poesy well recited. I do not believe this version of *Murder in the Cathedral* is destined to interest many current theater-goers.

By comparison, the England of high comedy and manners offered by Frederick Lonsdale in *One Is Enough,* at the Henry Miller, should have been as a swing tune to a litany. But Mr. Lonsdale, unrepresented on the New York stage for eight seasons, came out of the past only mildly to amuse and never to stimulate. His *One Is Enough* is well equipped with splendid performers, the still effective Ina Claire, the diffident Hugh Williams, and sundry others with varied English accents and a style suited to Mayfair.

But *One Is Enough* is about dull and dishwatery folk, victims of ennui, cirrhosis of the liver, dipsomania, and mild—there goes that word again—satyriasis, not to mention a love of riding to the 'ounds and a glawss of port. The Duke of Hampshire lusts for Liz and his wife, Miss Claire of course, manages to convince him, with epigram and stratagem, to stay within the ducal bedrooms. Who cares?

CHARLES E. DEXTER.

Eastwood

Recently Recommended Plays

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The Federal Theatre's new Living Newspaper successfully dramatizes the case for low-cost housing, pointing its lesson with careful evidence and witty candor. One of the "musts" of the season.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's inspired staging of Dekker's uproarious farce, with its rich, bawdy humor and its gusto for a democratic, warless life. Put this on your "must" list. Alternates with *Julius Caesar.*

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, a dynamic, pungent work which brings music to grips with reality.

A Doll's House (Morosco, N. Y.). Ibsen's drama of frustrated womanhood in a charming revival.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N. Y.). This I.L.G.W.U. production is the brightest, most sparkling revue in many a season. Social significance at its entertaining best.

Mark Twain: Script Writer

MARK TWAIN is the best script writer the movies have found. His story of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is perfect movie stuff—so good that the boys couldn't get up nerve to change it. Indeed, the only touches added by the adapter, John V. A. Weaver, seem to belong to the original.

Tommy Kelly, the young man from the Bronx who went west to the Hollywood gold mines, does his stuff as Tom. The kid didn't have to act because Twain's script is actor-proof. Norman Taurog, the director, is an old hand with juvenile dramas and he keeps the picture going splendidly. The other children are also minus the usual elocutionary stunts, and they make swell chums for Tom.

Technicolor is coming along fine: night scenes are beginning to look like night, and the character actors are looking less like raw beefsteaks. The best place for the color camera is outdoors and most of *Tom Sawyer*

Recently Recommended Movies

Goldwyn Follies. The Ritz brothers and an imposing list of stars join to make this as amusing a variety show as any you've seen.

The Dybbuk. A touching film of Jewish life under the influence of cabalistic doctrines.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Walt Disney's first full-length film makes delightful entertainment for children and adults alike.

The River. A government documentary on land erosion, with some thrilling sequences and a telling message.

Boy of the Streets. A more sincere and convincing film of the slums than any of its predecessors, it makes a plea for better housing as a means of obviating crime.

Young Pushkin. A moving tale of the youth of Russia's greatest poet and of his early revolt against the stifling atmosphere of court life.

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is happily laid there—in the shady streets of St. Petersburg, Mo., and the big river. Maybe we have a chance to get some real pictures about America when more stories like these are built into the American landscapes. The cemetery and cave scenes in *Tom Sawyer* are stage sets, but they look like the real thing.

Don't miss the touching scene when Tom and Huck talk to poor Muff Potter through the jail bars.

Another outdoor technicolor job, *Gold Is Where You Find It,* is about hydraulic mining in California in the eighties. There is a well-motivated group conflict between a mining syndicate and the valley wheat farmers whose crops are being flooded by the "slickings," the dirty water flowing off the hydraulic monitors. Vigilanteism is not glorified, and this is a spectacular event in western epics.

The documentary film has come to Hollywood's attention, so *Gold Is Where You Find It* turns up with a narrated introduction, showing previous industrial and agricultural methods in California. Claude Rains is the wealthy farmer who leads the others against the greedy mining syndicate, and Olivia de Havilland turns out to be a stunning brunette in technicolor. The picture isn't exciting, but it does go under the surface of the gold fever of the pioneer West.

By the time Francisca Gaal was being walked off the plank in *The Buccaneer,* it was all right with me to have the rest of the cast follow her. But the villainous pirate crew lived long enough to help Andy Jackson mow down the British at New Orleans and to provide Frederic March with the curtain line: "I leave you Americans!"

De Mille's latest historical tableau and grand illumination is about Jean Lafitte of Barataria, gentleman cut-purse. He spurns the British gold and fights with the ragged Americans. Dominick You, canoneer of Napoleon, helps with his trusty mortar and his rusty wisecracks. Akim Tamiroff, in this role, might have stolen the picture if it had been worth carrying away.

Francisca Gaal, the ingénue, a recent European importation, doesn't pass the customs inspection.

A Slight Case of Murder is Dr. Damon

Charles Martin

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Edward G. Robinson is Remy Marko, the last word in the last gangster. He is a prohibition baron who goes legitimate with repeal. His gunmen become beer salesmen, but business isn't so good due to the fact that Marko's beer is terrible. The bankers are about to close in on him, and his daughter is about to marry a cop. His adopted orphan, Douglas Fairbanks Rosenblum, played by Bobby Jordan, one of the *Dead End* kids, takes to heavy cigars and heavy drink. With this pleasant preoccupation the household goes to Saratoga for the summer. A rival gang is massacred in an upstairs room of the house just before their arrival. These parties cause no end of embarrassment to a guy who is trying to go straight.

Allen Jenkins is Remy's slugger, who has the special task of caring for Douglas. Once he is asked why he is sawing up a length of lead pipe. Says he: "The boss said to cut a switch for Douglas." When Douglas discovers a half million bucks under his bed, things begin to happen.

The picture winds up like a mechanical cocktail shaker, and when it starts to unwind it throws the customers in the aisles with its fast gags. Willard Parker, a new man, plays the big rookie cop who is so distraught by this extraordinary household that he frantically phones for a policeman.

One of the major symptoms of *A Slight Case of Murder* is a big rash of laughs.

JAMES DUGAN.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

"Aida." The Metropolitan Opera Co. presents Verdi's opera, with Milanov, Martinelli, and Castagina, Sat., Feb. 26, 1:55 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Modern Age Books. U.S. 1 and *Lighthouse* dramatized, Sat., Feb. 26, 9:30 p.m.; *How to Know People* and *They Shall Inherit the Earth,* Sat., March 5, 9:30 p.m., WABC.

Rev. A. Clayton Powell. The minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York will talk on "The Challenge," Sun., Feb. 27, 10 a.m., C.B.S.

League of Composers. Music by living Americans, with Aaron Copland as commentator, Mon., Feb. 28, 3 p.m., C.B.S.

Columbia Press Scholastic Conference. Student writers discuss "What Constitutes a Good School Paper," Tues., March 1, 2:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Questions Before Congress. A representative talks on current problems before the House, Tues., March 1, 4:45 p.m., and a senator discusses those before the Senate, Thurs., March 3, 3:30 p.m., C.B.S.

School Administrators' Convention. Talks by prominent educators, Wed., March 2, 6 p.m., N.B.C. red; and 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue; Fri., March 4, 6:45 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Dr. William E. Dodd. The former ambassador to Berlin will speak on civil liberties, Sat., March 5, 3 p.m., C.B.S.

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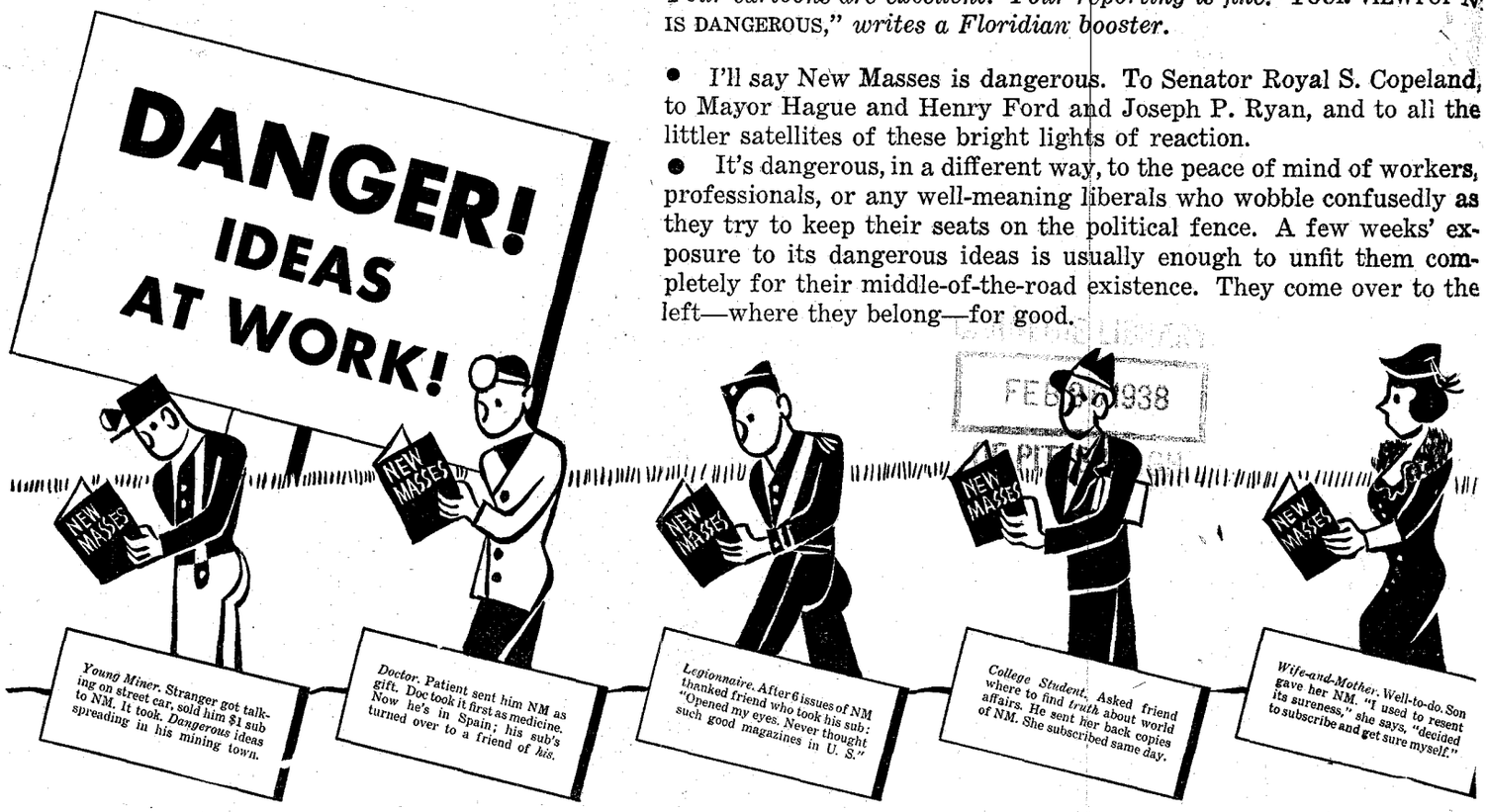
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